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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CALL ME NO MORE THINE OWN.

BY OLIVE E. PAINE.

Call me no more thine own: the summer bowers
Where we have strayed shall never know me more;
There thou wilt pass the long and lonely hours,
When I who loved thee well in days of yore
Shall be no more thine own.

The Spring wakes fresh delights within the vale,
A new born joy is stealing through the sky,
But ere the blue-eyed violets grow pale,
This form of mine low in the dust will lie:
Call me no more thine own.

The glowing light within my beaming eye
Is fading nature's last expiring ray,
A token of the blight that lingering nigh,
Wastes the young vigor of my life away:
Call me no more thine own.

Not long shall I be here! Death's icy hand
Will soon this brow to Parian whiteness chill,
And life's warm pulses throbbing wild and free,
In death's cold slumber will lie hushed and still,
No more to be thine own.

Oh, gaze not thus upon my cheek's rich glow,
The tide that crimsons o'er these lips of mine,
They're hues but borrowed from decay—and, oh,
The hopes they bring are like the meteor's shine:
Call me no more thine own.

The shadow of a parting hour is nigh,
It falls, beloved, upon my heart and thine;
Oh, God! to leave thee when life's morning sky
Is goldened o'er by love almost divine—
To be no more thine own.

'Twere sweet to live, to tread with thee life's way,
To cheer thy heart with ministries of love;
But angel tones are wooing me away,
My Father calls, "Come to thy home above:"
Call me no more thine own.

I am going soon—and thou, beloved, will feel
A darkening shadow o'er thy pathway thrown,
And all too soon the truth will o'er thee steal,
That in life's weary wild thou art alone.
Forever fled—thine own.

And then will mine me—by thy brow's *stern grief*,
By the deep anguish dwelling in thine eye,
I know that then thy purest joys will seek
In early dreams of love that buried lie,
When I was all thine own.

No longer thine! To wake for thee at eve
The *chords of music sweetest to thine ear*,
To love thee, bless thee, and in woe or weal,
To be thy cherished friend—of all most dear;
To be thine own—thine own!

God comfort thee in all thy onward way,
And fill thy heart with dreams of Heavenly love,
And waft thy bark to yonder blissful shore
Where I shall wait to welcome thee above
To purer joys—mine own.

On Eden hills where beauty never fades,
My weary feet shall rest—oh, do not weep;
I go to dwell where sorrow ne'er invades,
With God "who giveth His beloved sleep."
Call me then still thine own.

Pittsford, Vt.

TWICE AVENGED.

PART III.

Certainly the meeting with Lady Torwood and Mrs. Heathcote tended materially to make Captain Fletcher's and Mr. Noel's stay at Leamington more agreeable. The two fair widows made a great sensation there that winter, each after her fashion. Lady Torwood, though she went out very little, holding a species of court and surrounded by humble vassals; Mrs. Heathcote followed by less awe-stricken admirers, especially in the hunting-field, where she shone conspicuous. Mammas who feared any loss of time on their daughters' parts, and had taken them to Leamington for the campaign there, said that Lady Torwood was intolerably proud and stiff, and that as to beauty, you derived far more satisfaction from looking at a statue, for that she entirely lacked expression. As to Mrs. Heathcote, they wished anybody had influence enough with her to prevent her going on in the way she did. They really did not like *their* daughters to make a companion of her. And this, perhaps, was not to be wondered at.

After his first visit to her, Paul had been quite easy on the score of his feelings towards Eleanor; he never hitherto believed it possible that he could feel so calmly towards her. He viewed her character in quite a different light now; the divinity had sunk into a mere woman, with a soul of about the usual altitude—not lower: he must not be too hard upon her. Yet he never wondered that she had seemed a divinity to him. He still acknowledged that she was more beautiful, more admirable than by far the greater number of women you saw. And her quiet, refined manner cast a halo of superiority around her which he admitted was enough to make a devotee of so young and enthusiastic a man as he had then been. He knew better now, and he took a strange cynical pleasure in testing his present feelings towards her, seeking her society that each time he might feel the more conscious of his own freedom, and revel in it.

Paul Fletcher was, as you will perceive, playing with edge-tools, and where *this* foe was concerned, perhaps it would have been wiser if he had let his discretion prove the better part of valor.

"You really are going too far, Charlie," said Paul Fletcher to Mr. Noel, as they walked one day to Lady Torwood's, the meeting point of a riding party which they were to escort. "I shouldn't have presumed to say so if you hadn't started the subject. But do you or do you not want to marry Mrs. Heathcote?"

"'Pon my word then, I don't know," Mr. Noel answered, with a rueful countenance.

"And do you or do you not want to marry Miss Ellis?"

"Not on any account," was the decided reply. "I may want steadying, but such ballast as that would sink me at once. By all the widows in Christendom it would, then! But," Mr. Noel added, pathetically, "notwithstanding all that, I expect to find myself married to one or both of them some day without knowing it!"

"Then I should recommend you to think about taking flight as soon as you can," said Paul, laughing.

"Think! but I tell you, my boy, that when I'm with one of them she rattles away so that I can't even hear myself think—and the other thinks so much, that it seems a waste to do it oneself too!"

The party (consisting of the two widows, Miss Ellis, and a Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, connexions of Eleanor's, and excellent humdrum people, who were never in anybody's way) was soon mounted, and *en route* for Stoneleigh and Kenilworth. Paul and Eleanor, as usual, rode first, followed by Mrs. Heathcote, who was a beautiful rider, and looked particularly well on horseback, and Mr. Noel; Caroline Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill rode abreast, and brought up the rear.

"The estate has improved immensely since then," said Lady Torwood, continuing their conversation. "You would not know the farms again if you were to go over them. All your tenants have thriven and made them thrive, and Mr. Burton tells me it is now one of the most flourishing properties in ——shire."

"I am delighted to hear such a good account of my nursling," said Paul, lightly, "and hope it may answer its present promise."

"Poor Lord Torwood took great interest in my old home," Eleanor went on resolutely, "and in all the people about it, and we spent two or three months there during——. He had planned a new village school just at the gate leading into the meadow from the high road, and would, I think, eventually have made *it his pet place. I assure* you we neither of us ever forgot to whom we owed the possession."

"I have always understood Lord Torwood *was a most benevolent man," Paul answered, determined* not to be behindhand in the subject she had chosen.

"You would have liked and respected him, I am sure," Eleanor said, gravely.

A huge note of interrogation seemed to dance up and down before Paul as he heard this last remark; but he did not say anything.

"I live now chiefly at Chesterton, my dower-house," resumed Lady Torwood. "I have neither courage nor spirits to face the solitude of Vaughan with—its recollections."

"They must indeed be mournful ones," Paul said, considerately, "after what you have just told me. Your last associations with it must be very sad."

"My last?" Eleanor repeated, looking straight before her. "Yes, my last. But I have many bitter associations with what was once a very happy home."

Paul shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Why nourish them?" he said. "I had thought you were more philosophical, Lady Torwood. Let the dead past bury its dead!"

"But even then I am bound to be its chief mourner!" Eleanor answered, with some bitterness. "Believe me, I am not ambitious of the post. Will you give me my 'warrant of release' from it?" she added, suddenly, and looking round at Paul.

"*If I had* had the power," Paul answered, again in a light tone, and with an icy smile on his lips, "it should have been given long ago—without your asking what you have a right to command." And a Grandisonian attack again caused Captain Fletcher to bow to his horse's mane.

A slight sigh escaped Lady Torwood.

"But are you sure this is the way?" said Mr. Noel to his fair companion, as they branched off the Lillington road, instead of taking that followed by Paul and Eleanor. "Does it rejoin the Kenilworth road again?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Mrs. Heathcote, laughing, "we shall get to the end of it by-and-by. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Caroline are following us most dutifully and sheepishly, and so we have the majority on our side. Never mind the others, Mr. Noel. I dare say they're very happy. You know that's a very old story now. What? *don't* you know? Did Paul Fletcher never tell you? Of course not, by-the-by, for there's no doubt she behaved shamefully to him." And Mrs. Heathcote proceeded to enlighten Mr. Noel, as far as her knowledge went, on the past history of Lady Torwood and Captain Fletcher. "But I see it's all coming right again," Milly ended, cheerfully; "it's such fun her being a widow!"

"There's no doubt that that must make her more irresistible," said Mr. Noel, "and so you played her this trick on purpose, Mrs. Heathcote?"

"What trick? Oh, the road, you mean? I never said there was a road round, though there might have been; I never came this way before. But we've ridden too far to turn back. Do look at Caroline, plodding along on that great heavy black horse; I wonder she doesn't come off, for she isn't thinking in the least about what she's doing."

Mr. Noel did look, and during the remainder of the ride became unusually taciturn, notwithstanding the sallies of his very lively companion.

Paul and Eleanor, meantime, pursued their onward course without looking behind them. The day, which had been very bright when they started, now began to darken; heavy masses of clouds gathered overhead, and soon the low sough of the wind and a few big drops of rain came as harbingers of the storm.

"Do you think it will be heavy, Charley?" Paul called out, looking round; but no Charley answered, neither was any such individual in sight.

"They must have lagged behind," Paul said to Lady Torwood; "we had better push on, though, and not wait for them. It is getting very heavy, and I think you had better take shelter in Kenilworth. They are sure to join us there, as that was to be the limit of our ride."

It was good advice, for the rain was gradually increasing, and soon fell in torrents mingled with hail, while a cutting north wind struck chill upon Eleanor's not very robust frame. The best plan, Paul thought, was for them to take shelter at the inn till the storm was over; the others were just behind them, he said, and would rejoin them. So they rode on as fast as they could, and before long Lady Torwood was safely installed before a bright fire in the inn-parlor, where Captain Fletcher, after having had the horses put up, speedily rejoined her. After watching for some time in vain at the window, Paul decided that it was no use expecting the rest of the party any longer, begged Lady Torwood not to be uneasy—they must have taken a wrong turn at the cross roads, or ridden desperately home again; but as she was safely housed now, they had much better remain where they were till the rain was over, and make themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. So Eleanor resigned herself to her fate and the fire, which, after all, when she looked at the sheets of rain plashing against the window, was not a bad alternative. The fire crackled cheerily, Paul drew a comfortable arm-chair to one side of it, while Lady Torwood dried her habit at the other, and presently the tidy little waitress came "trippingly," as Mr. Tennyson would say, with a tea-tray in her hand, which she deposited on a little table beside them. "Missus has sent it up, as she thought the lady might like the chill taken off her."

Paul had never seen Eleanor make tea, he remembered (a trifling recollection, to be sure,) as he now watched her, since that last evening at Vaughan. Whatever she did was gracefully done. She certainly was more beautiful than any one he had ever seen.

He was rather amused with this little episode; he would not have believed, two years ago, that he could be thrown so completely *tete-a-tete* with her as he was to-day, and have been so quiet and unconcerned. Captain Fletcher's spirits rose with the occasion. He felt a general sensation of *bien-etre* stealing over him, a strange lightness of heart. It was the contrast between the outlook and the in, he thought; we are material creatures after all. It was the fire that gave him such a particular sense of satisfaction. Lady Torwood did not seem so fully to share it, therefore Captain Fletcher became compassionate, and did all in his power to enliven her. When he unbent, no one could be a pleasanter companion than Paul, and now he exerted himself to the utmost, and with success. Eleanor became animated also, and, in short, it would be impossible to imagine a more agreeable hour than they both spent in the little inn-parlor at Kenilworth. We don't think they once mentioned Amy Robsart or Tressillian, which would have been the right thing to do in the right place, but the former subject would have been too dismal for their present mood, the latter infinitely too prosaic. An odd change had come over Paul Fletcher that afternoon; the tea must have been made with water from the fountain of oblivion. It was the Paul Fletcher of three years back that sat there—buoyant again with youth and spirits, "petillant d'esprit"—not the stern, satirical personage who had ridden away that day from Leamington, and bowed with such ceremonious dignity to Lady Torwood over his horse's mane, on the way. Paul had forgotten everything that day; forgotten his disappointment, his bitterness of spirit; it was Eleanor Vaughan who sat beside him—Eleanor Vaughan, his first love! As they talked, the inn-parlor at Kenilworth vanished, they sat once more in the well-known library "at home," as Paul had once fondly called it. Eleanor was in her gentlest mood; gently, and with smiles, she looked into that loving face—ah! so through life her eyes would ever meet his!—so through youth, and middle life, and hoar old age—so till death it would be! No cloud of falsehood or betrayal had ever darkened, would ever darken, the brightness of those eyes!

And as they sat thus together, the oaken door at the end of the room opened, Eleanor's deer-hound bounded in, and in the doorway stood the dear old squire, with his silvery hair, and kindly face, and cordial smile, while—

Illusion, alas! The door had opened—but it was the door of the parlor at Kenilworth, it was only "missus, who had sent up to say that the rain was over, as the lady wished to know." So there was no more time for dreaming. The evening was closing in and they must make the best of their way home. But the spell was still on Paul; for when the horses came to the door and he had helped Eleanor to mount, he laid his hand suddenly on hers.

"Are you very sorry it rained?" he said, looking up at her.

"Not very!" Lady Torwood smiled, in some surprise.

And when, after a quick, silent ride back to Leamington, they entered Lady Torwood's drawing-room at the Regent, where poor Mrs. Campbell was anxiously expecting them, it was with almost his boyish gleeful manner that Paul exclaimed, going up to her,

"Here she is, Mrs. Campbell—you see I've brought her safely home to you!" and shook the old lady by both hands in a manner that caused her to look up bewildered.

"What spirits Captain Fletcher is in, my dear!" Mrs. Campbell said, in an inquiring tone of voice, after he had made his exit in the same rather wild manner.

"Paul!" said Lady Torwood; "yes, he is more like himself to-night." And for a few minutes she leaned thoughtfully against the chimney-piece.

"It was very thoughtless of Milly Heathcote to take the wrong road," Mrs. Campbell went on, indignantly.

"Very," was Lady Torwood's complacent rejoinder.

"Caroline told me when she came in, that she followed them, of course thinking Mrs. Heathcote knew the way. You know she never sees anything; she doesn't even see that Mr. Noel evidently regards her with an eye of affection, but maintains that he is paying his addresses to Mrs. Heathcote. As if *I* couldn't judge," Mrs. Campbell added, drawing herself up with a jerk. "It might have been very disagreeable for you!"

"Very," said Lady Torwood again, but without taking the trouble to inquire to which part of Mrs. Campbell's speech the latter remark pertained.

Paul Fletcher's warning to Mr. Noel had not been uncalled for; for, to own the truth, that gentleman had contrived to place himself in a rather awkward predicament. With that peculiar turn for compliment which his compatriots are celebrated for, Mr. Noel had rarely been in Mrs. Heathcote's society without so conducting himself as to appear entirely her slave—an appearance which, to be still further candid, the fair and fast widow had done her best to convert into a reality. Whereas, on the other hand, strange as it may appear after his decided disavowal to Paul, the steady, unobtrusive quietness and charms of Caroline Ellis were gradually bringing Mr. Noel's volatile affections to an anchor. A crisis of some kind he felt was at hand, and he became more and more convinced of this as he found himself *tete-a-tete* with Miss Ellis the morning after their ride towards Kenilworth. He had called with Paul to inquire after them, and the latter, hearing Lady Torwood was fatigued and still in her room, had left him at the Regent, Mr. Noel suddenly remembering that he had something very particular to say to Mrs. Campbell. When he entered the drawing-room, however, he found, to his surprise, *only* Miss Ellis there, Mrs. Campbell being with Lady Torwood. However, as she probably would come down again soon, he thought he might as well remain till she did so, and that was how he found himself *tete-a-tete* with Caroline. Mr. Noel was in an unusually grave mood that morning. His companion, on the contrary, seemed to have acquired some of his surplus vivacity. Indeed, it was generally observable now that in Charley's presence a greater amount of vitality animated Miss Ellis's otherwise apathetic nature.

"And you think you have really no prejudice against Ireland, Miss Ellis?" said Mr. Noel, continuing a conversation which now and then touched upon dangerous ground.

"Caroline and I will come and pay you a visit there, if you like, Mr. Noel," said a voice at the door, which made him start. Mrs. Heathcote had a way of coming into the room without being heard, which, to say the least, was sometimes dangerous. "I delight in Ireland, and want of all things to see more of it. We were only quartered at Belfast when I was there, before we were ordered out, so—where's Eleanor, Carry? Tired? I'm sorry the ride or the society should have been too much for her," Mrs. Heathcote went on, laughing.

Miss Ellis lapsed into her customary stolidity. Mrs. Heathcote always acted like a refrigerator upon her.

"It's getting late, too," said Milly, taking out her watch. "One o'clock." (Mr. Noel had been precisely an hour and a-half waiting till Mrs. Campbell came down.) "I have been at the pump-room since twelve, waiting for a friend who had appointed to meet me there, and he—*she*, I mean—*left* me there."

Here Mrs. Heathcote coughed, and poor Charley became hot all of a sudden. He had quite forgotten the engagement Mrs. Heathcote had made for him the previous day. He was in for it now, he felt.

"Some more important engagement, however, I suppose," Mrs. Heathcote continued, playing with her watch-chain. "My friend lacks your punctuality, I am afraid, Mr. Noel."

And the fair widow raised her eyes deliberately to Charley's face.

"Don't be too unmerciful, Mrs. Heathcote," he said, rallying. "I am sure your friend will never so transgress again! If you are too severe upon our faults, where are we to find merciful judgment?" an ambiguous speech on the part of Mr. Noel which might be differently interpreted, as his side glance at Miss Ellis showed he intended it should.

"The criminal confides too much in my humane indulgence, I have no doubt," Milly answered, now looking down and buttoning her beautifully-fitting glove. A pause ensued.

"I think I had better go and see if Lady Torwood is coming down," said Miss Ellis, putting down her work.

"Not on any account, Miss Ellis," Charley exclaimed, hastily. "I beg you won't disturb her on my account—*pray* don't go. I must be going myself directly—a very particular engagement."

"I am glad to see that (unlike my friend) you are so particular, Mr. Noel," Milly said, dryly. "Never mind, Caroline, dear, I can wait."

And Mrs. Heathcote settled herself yet more comfortably in her arm-chair.

"What a beautiful bouquet," she said, looking round the room; "where did you get it."

"Mr.—" began Caroline.

"Paul Fletcher sent it for Lady Torwood by me this morning," Mr. Noel interrupted, with equal truth and politeness.

Caroline opened her eyes wide and looked steadfastly at him. Charley returned the look beseechingly. Mrs. Heathcote unbuttoned her other glove.

"Have you and Eleanor the same taste in flowers, then, Carry?" she asked quietly.—"White camelias and violets are your favorites, are they not? That was such a lovely bouquet you sent me for Lady Maynard's ball, on Tuesday, Mr. Noel. And, by-the-by, I quite forgot to thank you for the songs. It was so kind of you to remember them!" Again Caroline looked up.

Mrs. Heathcote grew every moment more relenting towards the culprit, and better satisfied apparently with herself; and so the conversation went on, Charley finding it more and more difficult to keep the "justemilieu" between his two fair companions, till at last, in despair, he rose to go, and parted with the consciousness that Caroline's manner to him had entirely changed since the morning, and that its haughty, offended composure formed a marked contrast to Mrs. Heathcote's, as his tormentor smiled him a gracious farewell, and took her bonnet off as he left the room, "to have a little chat with dear Caroline," as she herself expressed it.

Lady Torwood had recovered from her fatigue, and was able to receive Captain Fletcher when he called again that afternoon "on his way" past the Regent. The change remarkable on the preceding day was still apparent in him. He had found fairy treasure at Kenilworth. Ah, it was more than magic, though!—it was, or might become, reality! Why should happiness not again be his? He had had his fill of disappointment—looked dreary solitude long enough in the face; his share of the trials which in some form must come to all, was at an end. Might he not take the weight of caution and suspicion from off his heart and let it beat and bound again as it *had* done of yore? The poor heart in its stone prison yearned so earnestly for freedom!

"How good of you to come again," Lady Torwood said, extending her little hand from the couch on which she sat near the fire.

Paul smiled as he held the delicate hand in his own. (Paul's hand was a very characteristic one, not small or fleshy, but well shaped and with determination in every muscle and line of it; a hand that looked as if it had never been idle, and as if it could handle an oar or a rod—ay, and sterner implements, too, with equal facility.)

"Are you quite rested?" he said, in answer. "I am afraid I rode too fast for you; I think I forgot what I was doing—I forgot everything yesterday."

"Did you?" Lady Torwood blushed as she said. She did not merely change color as she used to long ago; this time the blush came straight from her heart. "I feel quite rested now, though. But I am not equal to very much exertion yet. Repose is a blessed thing—repose of mind and body." And Eleanor sighed rather sadly.

Paul looked anxiously at her. She did indeed not look robust, though the subdued air and tone about her to-day made her more charming than in her most brilliant hours.—There was something touching in the half humility of her attitude as she sat with her usually haughty head bent down, and her hands lying folded together on her lap, gleaming light upon the dark drapery of her gown. She *was* subdued in reality—she was changed; had she, too, not known much sorrow of its kind? and after all, had she been happy in the life she had chosen, had it not perhaps been one long regret and repentance?

Such thoughts passed through Paul Fletcher's mind as he watched her.

"Repose?" he repeated. "It depends so much on the individual mind which seeks it. With us men, for instance, action is often the greatest repose. It requires a certain amount of happiness to enable one to find repose of mind in rest of body. To escape from a greater evil to a lesser is, I believe, the truest repose—and so I have often found it in great exertion. A racked and wearied mind and heart often prove the best goad to bodily work. They make fine soldiers in every profession."

"They give the energy of desperation, if you will," said Lady Torwood, looking regretfully at Paul, "and the after-weariness of over-fatigue; but exhaustion is surely not *rest*."

"Can you teach me what *is*?" Paul said, earnestly.

Lady Torwood shook her head.

"I must first find it myself," she said.—"Charity fulfilled, preachers would tell you, is the surest step towards it; and in charity lies one thing—forgiveness of injuries"—her voice trembled as she went on—"and if you would find rest yourself, to give rest first to another; where you have been injured, to forgive!"

Paul Fletcher started. Outwardly calm, within he was terribly agitated. He knew by the tone of her voice, by the eyes raised to his as he stood leaning against the chimney-piece beside her, that Eleanor Vaughan—Eleanor whom he had so loved—was now a suppliant before him. Eleanor—humbled, repentant—once more free.

"Eleanor!" he said, looking down into her face.

So in the old days he had looked, so called, the suppliant then himself. How had she answered *then*?

Once more his eyes met hers, and though the same haughty glance did not now repel him, still they could not meet his long. Eleanor's eyes were not true eyes, and Paul felt it. In an instant the spell that had for the last two days been on him was dissolved—the fairy gold turned to dross. It was but glamour over him; the old deep first love was dead; it had not revived, it never would again. He looked at the hand that now covered Eleanor's face, and guarded by its diamond circlet he saw the plain gold wedding-ring. It acted like a counter-charm. For that ring, for glitter and tinsel like those diamonds, she had bartered his heart and his love—destroyed the happiness of his youth. Cold, ambitious, worldly as she had then been, her nature could not now be so entirely changed. False she had been—false she would still be; twice she had betrayed him—she would betray him again. He could forgive her, but he never could trust her again; never honor and confide in her as his soul felt it must honor and confide in her whom it chose as its mate. Without truth, on what foundation could he build his happiness? All this passed with lightning rapidity through Paul Fletcher's mind during the intense pause that followed the utterance of her name. Lady Torwood did not speak, but as much as was in her nature to feel she then felt. It was in an altered tone, but one of great feeling, that Paul Fletcher spoke again.

"I am not wrong in thinking that you speak of the past?" he said. "And if it be so—if ever a thought of me has given you a moment of unrest—one pang of self-reproach—let it be so no longer. For my sake, and for the sake of olden days, Eleanor, believe me—that I have forgiven—that I do now forgive!"

He took her hand in his and held it with the kindliness of a friend—no fervent clasp as in those olden days. He now felt calmly and with friendliness towards her, as she had wished he should. Again Eleanor raised her beautiful eyes to his, but Paul met their beseeching glance unwaveringly. He had decided; he never could waver from this resolve again.

A deadly paleness overspread Lady Torwood's face, and, as she turned her eyes downwards, a tear went slowly rolling down her cheek and fell on Paul's hand. It stoned for much. And if Paul Fletcher had been twice BETRAYED, we believe that in that moment he WAS A SECOND TIME AVENGED.

The next day Captain Fletcher left Leamington, thereby giving rise to sundry surmises, among which the most popular was that he had been refused by Lady Torwood. His wound still causing him much bad health, he regretfully sold out of the army, and went abroad by his doctor's orders. Previous to his return from Caffraria he had inherited from a distant relation, and though not precisely a *rich* man, was at any rate entirely independent, and thus enabled to roam whither he would over the world's surface; in which agreeable employment he spent the next two years, acquiring perchance wisdom, perchance happiness, perchance rest—and perchance also, neither one nor the other.

Mr. Noel's affairs came to what you will doubtless consider a more satisfactory conclusion. His last meeting with Mrs. Heathcote had decided the matter, and turned his feelings towards her into those of perfect abhorrence; while from force of contrast we suppose, Miss Ellis's star became quite in the ascendant. His peace with her was not so difficult to make as from her former stolidity and dignity of character one might have imagined, and very shortly after Caroline Ellis became Mrs. Noel. The marriage has improved them both we are happy to hear, Caroline's sterling sense and straightforwardness acting as an excellent counterpoise to Charley's rather flighty and (to speak moderately) imaginative character, which in its turn acts as leaven upon her.

Lady Torwood, whom we take leave of two years after the last scene we have recorded, was then still unmarried, though besieged with offers and in the full zenith of her beauty.—People said that the beautiful widow was still entirely wedded to the memory of her husband. Poor thing, she had been so devoted to him.

A ROYAL REMEDY FOR THE GOUT.—The King (James I.) killed a buck in Eltham Park, and bathed his bare feet and legs in the blood, as a cure for the gout. Again: The King going to Oatlands, Oking, and Windsor; his legs are recovered; he bathes them in every stag and buck's belly, on the place where he kills them. Money so scarce that £20,000 worth of jewels has to be pawned to meet the expense of this progress.—*From the English State Papers.*

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will—
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.
—*Moore.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMB'R 27, 1858.

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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum to large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 132 South Third Street, Phil'a'a'phia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Love of Nature;" "The Wish," "The Cousins—a Story of Thanksgiving Day."

S. M. Your "Suicide's Song" has merit, but the theme is objectionable. Try again.

TO CHANCE READERS.

We call the attention of chance readers of THE POST to our Prospectus for Next Year in another column. They will see by reading it, we think, that they cannot do better than enroll themselves upon the long list of our subscribers. The **$1,680** story, by the distinguished author, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, will be of itself worth the price of the paper to club subscribers—Mr. James's last novel, LORD MONTACUTE'S PAGE, is now selling in book form for $1,25. And then, besides, we design furnishing THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT, a Series of BRILLIANT ARTICLES from GRACE GREENWOOD, a NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, &c., &c., &c. Add to these our MISCELLANEOUS and AGRICULTURAL Articles, the SELECTIONS from FOREIGN SOURCES, the FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., and our subscribers will have about TEN times the worth of their money. But see Prospectus.

BEGIN AT ONCE!—To those who design making up Clubs for THE POST, we would say emphatically, BEGIN AT ONCE. Even if you do not wish your subscriptions to commence before the first of January, do not neglect to make up your Clubs AT ONCE! Do not wait until the field is reaped before you commence—but take the harvest at its opening. By so doing you will save yourselves labor, and greatly benefit us. Let our old friends especially, who have stood by THE POST through so many summers and winters, fail not to BEGIN AT ONCE!—and we will show our contemporaries of the press that "some things can be done"—not only "as well"—but a little *better* than others.

As we expect to receive a large accession to our list at the opening of the year, when we design commencing Mr. James's novelet of "THE CAVALIER," we would be obliged if those making up clubs to begin at that time, would send them on as early as possible, in order that we may so regulate our edition that none may fail in getting their papers without vexatious delays. When the bulk of a club is made up, the names obtained can be sent on, and the remainder forwarded afterwards, when they will be added on our books.

A GRAVE QUESTION.

The *N. Y. Tribune*, by its six column report of the recent Prize Fight, seems to have drawn upon itself the rebukes of a number of its readers. In answer to which rebukes, it pens a leading article, from which we extract the following:—

It is the business of a newspaper to give an account of all colemporary occurrences of public interest. Those occurrences may be agreeable or revolting, gratifying or deplorable, beneficent or disastrous—with this the journalist, as such, has nothing to do. His task is to give a fair account of whatever is transpiring—to render his sheet in truth "a map of busy life"—leaving his readers to read or leave unread according to their several predilections. * * * *

Our only question is—"Is this matter properly a portion of the history of the time? Is it of sufficient interest to be chronicled?"—if it is, we chronicle it, leaving our readers to peruse or skip it, to rejoice or grieve over it, to glory in or execrate it, as they shall severally see fit. * * * * * * * * *

While we should hail with gladness any reliable assurance that there would never be another Prize Fight in America, we shall nevertheless, in case there shall hereafter be one, be pretty sure to give some account of it. If we do not, the omission will be due, not to the fact that we detest prize-fighting, but that we deem the parties so obscure and the whole affair so contemptible that we may justifiably let it sink into oblivion. In the other case, we may condemn and reprehend the fight, in our editorial columns, but we shall not undertake to suppress the material facts.

We do not argue this matter. We have considered it, decided upon it, and taken our position. Those who want an expurgated chronicle of what is going forward—an account of whatever occurs that, according to human judgment, ought to have occurred, with whatever we may think ought not to have occurred carefully suppressed, may doubtless find journals to suit them; but The Tribune never will. This paper is conducted on the principle that the world as it is, with its sins and sorrows, its frailties and aspirations, is a more instructive and profitable theme of human contemplation than any revised and corrected world that an editor could devise, and that all efforts to improve it should be based on a knowledge of what it is, precedent to a consideration of what it should be. If the theory of suppression and expurgation be the true one, it would, carried to its legitimate conclusions, give us, not carefully pruned and weeded journals, but no journals at all. In truth, the advocates of the theory of expurgation ought to patronize, not the more prudish and select newspapers, but none at all—as most of them do.

In the above theory of the duty of a newspaper, the question as to the moral or immoral effect of what may be published, is put aside as a matter worthy of no consideration. The *Tribune* says, in effect, whether my readers be made better or made worse by what is daily spread before them, is none of my business—"am I my brother's keeper?" Did such a thing happen? is it of sufficient "*interest*" to be chronicled? if these two questions can be answered in the affirmative, then, as public journalists, we may publish an account of it, even to its minutest and most revolting details; and it is simply prudery to object to our doing so.

For instance, a case involving infidelity to the matrimonial obligation, is brought before the Courts of Justice. That case, owing to the social position of the parties, creates considerable sensation. In order to determine it justly, the most revolting details necessarily must be laid before Court and Jury. The *Tribune* argues that it is simply doing its duty as a public journalist, in reproducing all that moral filth in its columns, and by so doing sending it, in all its putridity, into the bosoms of thousands of families.

Against such a false rule of duty as this, we, as a public journalist, most earnestly protest. It is not the business of a newspaper, intended for general perusal, thus to cast entirely aside all consideration of the probable moral effect of what it may publish; and distribute the prolific seeds of good and evil, purity and impurity, with an impartial hand.

Every journalist knows that it is impossible for him to publish *all* the current news of the day, in the minuteness of its detail. It is therefore the very business of an editor to decide what portions of that news shall be published, and how briefly or minutely the publication in each case shall be made. As the editor therefore *must* shorten, expurgate or expunge something, it is asking nothing unfair of him, when we demand that he should shorten or suppress such portions of the news as are calculated to injure rather than benefit his readers. No editor puts in six columns relative to a prize fight or a seduction trial in his daily paper, without crowding out a very considerable portion of the other news of the day.

Taking the *Tribune* even on its own principle, therefore—allowing it to publish the fact of the recent prize fight as a part of "the history of the time,"—it is not justified in sending a reporter all the way to Canada, in order that the whole disgraceful affair might be told to its minutest and most disgraceful particulars. The editor who considers a prize fight to be of so much importance in a "historical" point of view, as to demand the unusual favor of a reporter sent all the way to Canada, and six columns of space, evidently is better fitted by nature for the management of some prize-fighter's "organ," than to be the head of a "moral" and "reformatory" sheet. The great majority of respectable men, if asked whether the prize fight referred to was a "contemporary occurrence" of "sufficient interest to be chronicled" to such an extent, doubtless would answer at once, with a laugh, in the negative. Such would also answer, that the very way to elevate such disgraceful affairs into importance, to make them the town talk, and to infuse a portion of pugilistic slang into the general current of conversation, would be to pursue the course taken by the *Tribune*.

There is no doubt, however, as to the pecuniary policy of such six-columned reports—that is, if respectable people will permit them to pass without a protest. The journalist who can gather all kinds of readers to his net—good, bad and indifferent,—by having something in his paper adapted to the tastes of each, of course will make money by the operation. If the "saints" can be pleased with a minute record of a Union Prayer Meeting on one page, while for the "sinners" is dished up the last crim. con. case or prize fight on another,—and the former can be persuaded to tolerate the presence of the nasty dish designed for the latter—of course money will be put into the publisher's purse by the transaction. Men of the world, however, who see the "saints" reading newspapers conducted on such a diversified principle, will be apt to conclude that they are not altogether indifferent to the sensual banquet set out for the "sinners"—and though such a judgment may be an uncharitable one in a few cases, we incline to think that it hits the nail pretty nearly on the head in the main.

So much, for the present, on a matter which not only concerns all journalists, but, in a very great degree, the cause of general morality and virtue. The question, in fact, is, whether, not only the leading New York presses, but the whole newspaper press of the country, shall be encouraged to depart from the old landmarks of the profession, or whether they shall continue to "suppress" and "expurgate," in the interests of virtue, as heretofore. Our own opinion is, that nothing scarcely could be devised better adapted to injure the cause of purity and good morals, than the course recommended and pursued by the *New York Tribune*. It is a mixing of moral poison with the daily and necessary intellectual food of the whole community. It is as if the cook should place upon the family table all kinds of meats, wholesome and unwholesome, fresh and tainted, leaving the eaters, young and old, to run the risk of choosing for themselves.—Such a cook, unless she would take advice, would soon be "given a week's warning"—and so should such an editor.

THE NEW FASHIONS.—Louis Napoleon, after great solicitation, has prevailed upon the French Empress to make a material alteration in the Fashions. Dresses no longer are to sweep the ground, it is said, but are to be made so high as to display the ankles—at which all ladies with pretty understandings will rejoice, and all their unfortunate sisters weep. Crinoline is to be narrowed in considerably—if not reformed altogether. And as for colors, the brightest and gayest and gaudiest are to be the mode. Well, give us a change—we care not what, so that it is a change!

A WOMAN ASKING $6,000 FOR A KISS.—The court-room in Danbury, Conn., was crowded on Thursday, to see justice done between a lady and gentleman from Westport, the former claiming to have been damaged $6,000 by a kiss from the latter. Some seventy witnesses were present. The breach was finally healed without the aid of lawyers, much to the chagrin of numerous sympathizers on both sides.

If we had known that trial was coming on, we certainly should have started immediately to see a woman who considers one of her kisses worth the rather uncommon sum of $6,000. We infer, of course, that she is beautiful as Aphrodite, and had never before been kissed by mortal man. The kissing seems to have been done in the presence of "seventy witnesses"—what an idea of privacy that fellow must have had! For our own part, we should consider a kiss in the presence of such a multitude, not worth the trouble of screwing up one's mouth about. We would as leave kiss the back of our hand at once. And to think of being charged $6,000 for such a formal salute as it necessarily must have been—why the lady who could make a *charge* like that, ought to have ridden with the gallant six hundred at Balaklava. How "the breach was finally healed"—which the report tantalizingly neglects to tell—is what readers generally would like to know; and we hope one of the parties will enlighten us upon the subject.

CURIOSITIES.—We learn from "Harper's Weekly," that Thomas Carlyle, the famous English author, is a "Democrat"—that "Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer-Lytton is the son of General Bulwer and *Miss Lytton* of Knebworth Park, Hants, where he now resides when not at his town residence, Park Lane, London"—and that "if the Democratic system were more *thoroughly carried out* (in New York city)—if the Democracy did not *tie its own hands, and neutralize its own strength by assuming administrative duties for which it is unfitted*—there seems every reason to suppose that New York would be as well governed a city as there is in the world."

Upon which we may remark, that Thomas Carlyle, if his works are to be credited, is a thorough-going believer in Aristocracy and Monarchy—that we never heard before that Bulwer's mother was a "*Miss*"—and that it is a funny way of "carrying out the *Democratic* system *more thoroughly*," to take the election of the smaller officers from the people. But we live to learn.

A CHRISTIAN TRAFFIC.—The value of the opium yearly carried to China in British vessels from the British East Indies, is said to be over fifty millions of dollars. Two millions of Chinese, it is further said, die annually from the effects of this pernicious drug. Because the Chinese rulers endeavored to prevent this demoralizing traffic, war was made by England. The late treaty of the American Minister provides that the United States shall not interfere for the protection of American merchants who may engage in this contraband and destructive trade. In so providing, an example was set to England which is a perpetual rebuke to her sordid and unchristian love of gain in this particular. Whether the clause referred to has anything to do with the attack of the *London Times* upon Mr. Reed, we know not—but it does not look improbable.

BANK NOTE DETECTORS.—The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Litchfield (Connecticut) Bank, state that one thousand dollars were paid by the Bank to the proprietors of the Bank Note Detectors in New York City, to induce them to quote their notes at a fictitious value. We need, now-a-days, a Detector to keep us fully posted as to the tricks of these publications. It is a matter of wonder, when its blackmail facilities are considered, that every rascal in the country who can raise the means, is not publishing a Counterfeit Detector.

☞ What is the world coming to? An Irishman—not a Yankee, Connecticut, or New Jersey, but a real *bona fide* Irishman—succeeded recently in New York in palming off a *stone* watch upon a *Jew*—positively upon a descendant of that shrewd old patriarch, Jacob. The latter, however, to his credit be it spoken, discovered the mistake in time to give Patrick into the care of another kind of watch, but one equally strong and impenetrable to that which he himself dealt in. The Jew's watch was, however, a regular *goer*, as Patrick soon discovered.

OUR CITY RAILROADS.—The way our citizens patronize these roads is a curiosity. Fourteen thousand persons travel on the Fifth and Sixth street road daily; 7,000 each on the Market street and Race and Vine streets; 9,000 on the Second and Third streets, the aggregate reaching nearly 40,000 per day. Where all the half-dimes come from to pay the fares of those 40,000, perhaps "Uncle Sam" could tell. It is hard to credit the story of "hard times," when one sees the city cars constantly overloaded.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHICAGO.—"The last link is *finished* which binds me to thee," sings Philadelphia to Chicago. The route of 824 miles, under one management, between the two cities, is the longest of uninterrupted travel in the country. Freight on dry-goods from Philadelphia to Chicago is four dollars a ton less than from New York or Boston. As a passenger route it is the most direct and convenient between the North-West and the Eastern cities.

ENGLISH FAIR PLAY.—Our English cousins do not support Mr. Staunton in declining to play with Morphy. They argue that a champion is bound to take the field whenever challenged, or else yield the palm. This view is doubtless correct, though still it does not prove that Morphy is the better player. There can be little doubt in chess circles upon that matter, however. Staunton is a first rate player—but then Morphy is a prodigy.

☞ We would suggest to the publishers of a certain so-called "Journal of Civilization" whether the letter D, substituted in place of the C in the name of their paper, would not convey a more accurate idea of its character?

☞ A library edition of Worcester's Quarto Dictionary is to be published, to be illustrated with wood cuts.

ARTIFICIAL ORIENTATION.—The Earl of Shaftesbury has been informed by a friend who is travelling in the United States, that "during the last two months he has not met with a single old man who was in hale condition." The Earl, who is great on the promotion of sanitary reform, infers therefrom that we are in a bad way in this country. These travellers are a queer set of fellows—at seeing what is not to be seen, and not seeing what is everywhere to be seen, commend us to the whole fraternity. It having been well established, by the testimony of several intelligent foreign witnesses, that in our cities, nine people out of ten board at the large hotels, we suppose that the fact that there is not a hearty old man in America will soon be registered beside it, for a pitying world to weep over.

☞ The new *stone* arsenal in New York city, was blown down by the wind on the 19th—loss from $50,000 to $60,000. Our New York friends seem unlucky with their public buildings. The City Hall (of brick and wood) burnt, the Crystal Palace (made of *iron* and glass) burnt, and now the *stone* arsenal blown down, we hold up our hands in wonder, and ask what the Gothemites will use for a building material next. New York *iron* will not stand fire, New York *stone* will not stand wind—only one material seems left them; let them try as a last resort, New York *brass*—that, we warrant, will stand anything!

New Publications.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) has gathered his inimitable talk from a year's "Atlantic Monthlies," into one nice volume, with illustrations by Hoppin, illustrations which, we must say, by no means correspond with the excellence of the letter-press. But, happily, the pictures do not impair the merits of the reading. Friends who have heard Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes discourse at "the breakfast table" in Boston and elsewhere, agree that he talks exactly as the autocrat writes; so we suppose they can produce these papers in public support of his private reputation as the best conversationist in America. Surely, there was never better talk than within the covers of this volume. For it is marked not only by the rarest frolic grace and wit, a humor as amiable as it is exuberant and various, and a pathos that can bring to the eyes "tears which are wet," but it is equally remarkable for its nice and acute analysis of thought and life, its shrewd and wide observation of men and things, its scientific and literary learning, its philosophic reach and purpose, its ample fund of humane and generous ideas, and its firm alliance with the great spirit which works in the process of the age. If every breakfast table had such an autocrat, would not the good time coming sooner come? We think so.

THE DEMI-MONDE, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) is a play by young Dumas, which made an immense sensation in Paris. It is interesting as exhibiting a phase of social life peculiar to Europe, and which may be considered as a part, *and a serious part, of what our* social reformers are considering under the delicate name of "The Great Social Evil." The translation is made by Mrs. E. G. Squier; and well preserves, we should judge, the surprising wit and spirit, which characterize, critics say, the original.

ZENAIDA, by FLORENCE ANDERSON, (J. B. Lippincott, Phila.,) is the story of a beautiful human wild-flower, not the less pleasant because its phantom beauty belongs only to the fairy-land of a young poet's dream. The tale is gentle and good, is agreeably suggestive with remembered reading, has well-individualized characters, a lively dialogue, and runs smoothly with vivacity, humor and feeling.

AN ERRONEOUS CALCULATION.

An Illinois correspondent says:—"I send you the following communication, because THE POST is the most respectable paper in which I have seen the matter to which it refers. I hope you will not think it too scientific for the columns of a paper that is a favorite with the best minds in the country."

FALL OF THURSTON, THE ÆRONAUT.

Editor Post: Permit me to correct some errors of a philosopher (!) upon the supposed fall of Thurston from his balloon.

Since the disappearance of the daring aerial adventurer, some one has published a "calculation" (taken, no doubt, from Olmsted's School Philosophy, page 40,) of the time required, and the results of his probable fall.

The figuring makes it require but thirty-one and a half seconds to fall from a height of three miles, to the earth. And "assuming the weight of the falling man to be 160 pounds, he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 160,800 pounds or a little more than 80 tons, a power sufficient to shatter his body, bone and muscle, into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep into the earth." This computation has gone the usual round of the press, ("Post" included,) as though the deductions were really correct. The "calculation" is based upon the "rule" that "bodies descending *freely*, by their gravity, fall 16 1-12 feet the first second, and increase in velocity with the squares of the times during which they are falling."

Without stopping to question the correctness of the "rule," it may be well to say to the philosopher who applies it to the fall of Thurston, that it refers to bodies falling *without resistance*, and can have no application whatever to a body falling through the atmosphere. Had he but read carefully the page from which he obtained the calculation, he might have been enlightened upon this point. By still further investigation, he would have learned that "bodies flying in the atmosphere meet with a constant *resistance* which increases with the *squares* of their velocities." Taking then this rule also into the "calculation," and assuming, as before, Thurston's weight to have been 160 pounds; this weight formed a *bulk* of at least 4,300 cubic inches. Supposing this bulk reduced to a round ball, which is the smallest possible form, it would constitute a ball of more than twenty-one inches diameter: and would present to the atmosphere an opposing surface of more than two and a half feet. Assuming that when a body attains a velocity of sixteen feet per second, the atmospheric resistance is equal to one pound per foot of opposing surface, which is less than the true resistance in the air near the earth; then taking the rule, that the resistance increases with the square of the velocity, we find at 128 feet per second, a resistance of sixty-four pounds per foot of surface, or 160 pounds to two and a half feet. This, then, would appear to be the greatest velocity that can be acquired by 160 pounds when carrying with it an opposing surface of two and a half feet. A body falling to the earth with this velocity would strike with a momentum equal to 20,480 pounds, provided it be of a substance sufficiently tenacious not to separate, but should the concussion dash it into fragments, each particle flying off, would retain a part of the momentum, and consequently diminish the force of the stroke. It would, however, be sufficient to crush and mutilate the body of a man, but not so great as to "shatter it into minute atoms," or to "bury it deep into the earth."

Very little thought must convince any one that the computation that has gone the rounds, is not true in fact. It would give to the falling man, at the moment of reaching the earth, a velocity of 1,000 feet per second. This is a greater velocity than a cannon-ball can be made to retain for a distance of half a mile. Such a velocity would render falling drops of rain invisible, and would crush hail-stones to minute atoms, or "drive" them "deep into the earth."

In point of fact a body descending by its gravity through the atmosphere, will be accelerated in a *continually diminishing* ratio, until it reaches a velocity at which the atmospheric resistance is *equal to the weight* of the descending body. This will be its maximum velocity; from this point its speed must gradually diminish, owing to the greater density of the air near the earth.

A ball of platina, let fall from a great height, will acquire a velocity of 600 feet per second; a ball of lead, less than 400 feet; a falling cork, less than 60 feet; while a falling feather makes scarcely any progress.

EQUILIBRIUM.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

Lalande, the French astronomer, when the Revolution broke out, only paid the more attention to the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; and when he found, at the end, that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre and his fellow-ruffians, he gratefully remarked, "I may thank my stars *for it.*"

The most extraordinary conversational men whom I have known, says an English writer, were Sheridan, Sydney Smith, Canning, and Theodore Hook; but they were all dissimilar to each other, as if the realm of wit and humor were peopled by different races. Sheridan charmed, Canning fascinated, Sydney Smith entertained, and Theodore Hook amazed you.

Robinson Crusoe, in manuscript, ran through the whole book trade of London; nor would any one print it, though the writer, De Foe, was in good repute as an author. One bookseller, at last, not remarkable for his discernment, but for his speculative turn, engaged in this publication. *This* bookseller got above a thousand guineas by it; and the booksellers are accumulating money every hour by editions of this work in all shapes.

Coleridge once dined in company with a person who like to him and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Coleridge adds, "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

The misapplication of English words by foreigners is often very ludicrous. It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to kippered salmon. The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word kippered, and was told that it meant preserved. The poor man, in a public prayer soon after, offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland."

Pope, the poet, was no public speaker. He says:—

I never could speak in public; and I do not believe that if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together; though I could tell it to any three of them with great pleasure. When I was to appear for the Bishop of Rochester on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain easy point (how that Bishop spent his time whilst I was with him at Bromley,) I made two or three blunders in it; and that, notwithstanding the first row of Lords (which were all I could see,) were mostly of my acquaintance.

Mr. Sterne, it may be supposed, was no great favorite with Dr. Johnson; and a lady once ventured to ask the grave doctor how he liked Yorick's Sermons. "I know nothing about them, madam," was his reply. But sometime afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them; and the lady very aptly retorted—"I understood you to say, sir, that you had never read them." "No, madam; I did read them, but it was in a stage coach. I should not have even deigned to have looked at them had I been at large."

☞ Lord John Russell, when recently in Liverpool attending the meeting of the Social Science Association, was desirous of proceeding to the offices of Mr. William Brown, M. P., but not knowing the way, he requested the local secretary, Mr. Melly, to get him some one who did. Mr. Melly accordingly took him from the committee-room, at the door of which was Carlyle, the detective, under whose care Lord John immediately proceeded on his way. On going along the hall a gentleman asked one of the waiters if he knew who the old man was whom Carlyle had in charge? "Ah, yes, he is an old dodger, as I have been watching all the morning," said he; "but he's nabbed now, anyhow."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c. &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS,

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

our readers' and the public's old and approved friend, has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of *MY LAST CRUISE*, as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c., &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

While THE POST thus presents Literary attractions of the very highest order—designed for a more intelligent class of readers than those who take delight in the "blood and murder" and "sawdust" literature of the "flash weeklies"—it does not neglect those departments that the Family Circle equally requires. It publishes weekly

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES—the NEWS, FOREIGN, DOMESTIC and CONGRESSIONAL—Receipts useful to the Housekeeper and the Farmer; many of them worth more than the cost of a year's subscription—Riddles and Problems—The Markets—Bank Note List, &c., &c., &c.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ A gentleman relating one night, at a coffee-room, that Dr. ——— had put out his leg in crossing a kennel, five surgeons immediately set out for the apartment of the doctor, but returned dismayed, saying that no such thing had happened. "Why," replied the gentleman, "how can a man cross a kennel without putting out his leg?"

THE gods in beauty work up storms about us
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie concealed
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
—*Addison's Cato.*

☞ We are as it pleases God—and sometimes as it displeases Him!—*Lord Carnsford.*

☞ Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in the vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that breeds them.—*Milton.*

An Irishman angling one day in the Liffey,
Which runs down by Dublin's great city, so fine,
A smart shower of rain falling, Pat in a jiffey,
Crept under the arch of the bridge with his line.
"Why, that's not the place to accomplish your wishes,"
Criee Dermot, "the divil a bite will you get."
"Oh! brother," said Pat, "don't you know that the fishes
Will flock under here *to keep out of the wet?*"

☞ Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing real wit.

☞ To confound wealth with happiness, is to mistake the means for the end. You might as well fancy that a knife and fork would give you an appetite.—*Punch.*

BE COURTEOUS, OR THE RAILROAD CONDUCTOR CAUGHT.

The following incident illustrates the adage, "You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears:"

"Hallos, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind."

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing. The baggage-master was busy with baggage and checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars, and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted, and puffed, and blowed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might easily have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out,

"Hallos, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind!"

"Time enough, I reckon," replied the individual so roughly addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage-car.

"All aboard!" cried the conductor. "Get on, Limpy!" said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly dressed man.

The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, and, walking in, quietly took his seat.

The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

"Hand out your money here?"

"I don't pay," replied the lame man, very quietly.

"Don't pay!"

"No, sir."

"We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station!" and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

"Better not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet-bag for a moment, and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned looked up at the conductor and asked him:

"Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?"

"No, sir."

"That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

"*I know him.*"

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting the fare as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of those who were near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come probably through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the Directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When, a little orange peddler, he stood by the street-crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

"I resign my place, sir," he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat at his side, said:

"Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an under tone:

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future, remember to be polite to all whom you meet. 'You cannot judge of a man by a coat he wears;' and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir. I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing which has happened to-day shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good morning, sir."

The train of cars swept on, as many a train had done before; but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—DON'T JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

☞ *Watch.*—If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Hogberry.—Truly, by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.—*Shakspeare.*

☞ The faults of the world can only be learned by a long acquaintance with it and by suffering from that acquaintance.

BUCKLE.

Henry Buckle, an English author, is writing a huge history, immense as a cyclopædia. It has taken him years to write the first volume, and like Cruder, the author of the Concordance, he will probably be at work at it all his life. His philosophy of civilization is rather "peculiar," and is thus parodied by the English squib writers:

BUCKLE'S BELIEF.

This is the creed—let no man chuckle—
Of the great thinker, Henry Buckle:
"I believe in fire and water,
And in Fate, dame Nature's daughter;
Consciousness I set aside—
The dissecting knife's my guide;
I believe in steam and rice,
Not in virtue, nor in vice;
In what strikes the outward sense,
Not in mind or Providence.
In a stated course of crimes,
In Macaulay and the Times.
As for truth, the ancients lost her—
Plato was a great impostor.
Morals are a vain illusion,
Leading only to confusion.
Not in Latin, nor in Greek,
Let us for instruction seek;
Let us study snakes and flies,
And on fossils fix our eyes.
Would we learn what we should do,
Let us watch the kangaroo;
Would we know the mental march,
It depends on dates and starch.
I believe in all the gases,
As a means to raise the masses.
Carbon animates ambition.
Oxygen controls volition;
Whate'er is good or great in men,
May be traced to hydrogen;
And the body, not the soul,
Governs the unfettered whole."

AN ANTICIPATED DELUGE.

At the end of the fifteenth, and early in the sixteenth century, Stoefler, the celebrated astronomer, was Professor of Mathematics at Tubingen. This eminent man rendered great services to astronomy, and was one of the first who pointed out the way of remedying the errors in the Julian calendar, according to which time was then computed. But neither his abilities nor his knowledge could protect him against the spirit of his age. In 1524 he published the result of some abstruse calculations, in which he had been long engaged, and by which he had ascertained the remarkable fact that in that same year the world would again be destroyed by a deluge. This announcement, made by a man of such eminence, and made, too, with the utmost confidence, caused a lively and universal alarm. News of the approaching event was rapidly circulated, and Europe was filled with consternation. To avoid the first shock, those who had houses by the sea, or on rivers, abandoned them; while others, perceiving that such measures could only be temporary, adopted more active precautions. It was suggested that, as a preliminary step, the Emperor Charles V. should appoint inspectors to survey the country, and mark those places which, being least exposed to the coming flood, would be most likely to afford a shelter. That this should be done, was the wish of the Imperial General, who was then stationed at Florence, and by whose desire a work was written recommending it.

But the minds of men were too distracted for so deliberate a plan; and besides, as the height of the flood was uncertain, it was impossible to say whether it would not reach the top of the most elevated mountains. In the midst of these and similar schemes, the fatal day drew near, and nothing had yet been contrived on a scale large enough to meet this evil. To enumerate the different proposals which were made and rejected would fill a long chapter. One proposal is, however, worth noticing, because it was carried into effect with great zeal, and is, moreover, very characteristic of the age. An ecclesiastic of the name of Auriol, who was then Professor of Canon Law at the University of Toulouse, revolved in his own mind various expedients by which this universal disaster might be mitigated. At length it occurred to him that it was practicable to imitate the course which, on a similar emergency, Noah had adopted with eminent success. Scarcely was the idea conceived, when it was put into execution. The inhabitants of Toulouse lent their aid; and an ark was built, in the hope that some part, at least, of the human species might be preserved, to continue their race, and repeople the earth, after the waters should have subsided and the land again become dry.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

THE frost's sharp sword stabbed summer to the heart,
And then October came, and in her blood
A pencil dipped, and with a wondrous art
Painted with crimson all the sighing wood

As if in sorrow for the Summer's death,
She mingled with the red a solemn brown
While the Frost chilled her with his icy breath.
And watched her labor with an angry frown.

October sighed; and twining round her brow
A garland of each many-tinted leaf,
Where murdered Summer lay, she bowed her low,
And deeper drooped the willows at her grief.

Then from the earth she, saddened, upward fled
To the blue sky, and every cloud she passed
Forsook its duller tints for brilliance red,
For still the blood was from her garland cast.

☞ PUTTING IT STRONG.—An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock, with, "Come, Bridget, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning; to-morrow's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—half the week gone—and nothing done yet."

☞ Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the madhouse, and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain."

MR. HARRIS AND THE JAPANESE.

"During our return trip Mr. Harris talked as pleasantly as usual. He is certainly the most observing man I ever saw, and understands thoroughly the Japanese character. *All of our success with these people is owing to him*, to his tact, to his long residence in the East, to his sound judgment, and to his pleasant smile and *consistent firmness*. I must stop a moment to give an idea of his "pleasant conversation:

"You would have laughed had you seen the expression of Cinano-no-kami's face, when I told him during my second visit to Jeddo, of a strange fact concerning dogs. You've heard it, I suppose, but he had not. I said to him: "Cinano-no kami, do you know that if you see a dog with a white spot upon any part of his body, that the end of his tail will also have a white spot?" He thought first that he had not understood me, but when the question was repeated to him, he looked singularly puzzled. 'It is, of course, a joke of yours,' he at length replied. 'Not at all!' was my answer. 'Send out now and bring in all the spotted dogs you can find, and I'll convince you before dinner. Of course there were a dozen dogs, with more or less white spots about them, introduced in a very short time, and, as I expected, they all had white tips to their tails. Cinano-no-kami examined them all himself, looked more puzzled than ever, and finally said that 'three dogs certainly upheld the story, but that he would find a dozen before the next day, who could refute it.' I laughed, and told him that the whole of Jeddo wouldn't produce such a dog, and he said, 'Well, we will see.' So you may imagine the white-spotted-dog hunt that came off that evening. Still they failed to find the one they wanted. It soon got to the Emperor's ears, and finally became the talk of Jeddo. One day they thought they had me. A dog was lugged into my room in a most triumphant manner.

"'See here!' exclaimed Cinano-no-kami, 'here is a dog with a white spot on his back and a black tail? What do you say to that?'

"'Part the hairs on the end of his tail, and tell me what you see,' I replied. They did so and looked up with a disappointed air. They had discovered several milk white hairs on the very tip, that had been concealed by the outer ones. After that they gave it up."

Here's another specimen of his conversation:

"One night we were sitting by the light of several wax candles, the wicks of which were, as usual, of paper; of course they required snuffing very often. 'Why don't you burn your candles so as to do away with the necessity of snuffers?' I asked.

"'What is that you say? Do you want us to burn them upside down?'

"'Something of that kind!' I replied. 'Incline it thus, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Now see how soon a bowl will form in the same plane with the floor, and how nicely the wick will *drop off* when it gets long enough! They watched me with interest, and seemed highly gratified at the result. Ah! They are an intelligent, unpretending and amiable people—and what is more, have the highest opinion of us and our country. They asked me not long since, if in case of any difficulty with the English and French, I would not assist them with my advice. I replied, 'Certainly,' but advised them at the time to see them when they came, and grant readily all just demands. This they are inclined to do. I have now in my possession—the first thing of the kind that ever left Japan—an autograph letter from the Emperor to the President. Heretofore, all letters, treaties, &c., have been signed in his name by some one of his Ministers. This is a great triumph."

THE PRESENTS.

Speaking of Commodore Perry, I asked him how the Japanese had treated the expensive presents which that officer presented them, on the part of the Government, three or four years back.

"*Well, I know I'm going to surprise you now,*" he replied. "You know that Commodore Perry gave them, among other things, a circular railroad, an engine and tender, and a brass boat howitzer—one of the Dhalgren guns. They have a large house built for the safe-keeping of this railroad, and every now and then take it out, lay the track, get up steam, and then away go a dozen or more high officers upon a circular pleasure trip. *Japanese engineers have charge of everything*, and are never at a loss in the discharge of their duty. I suppose that they will soon have a track laid from Kanagawa to Yeddo, but I doubt if the railroad will pay in any other part of Japan; the country is too broken. As for the 'boat-howitzer,' they have had one thousand cast exactly like it, and mounted them in the forts of their different ports. And now here is something else that will surprise you. Upon both Fourths of July that I have passed here, and once upon Washington's Birthday, they fired a salute of twenty-one guns with these howitzers. Mr. Heuskins and myself attended, with the American flag flying, and the people exhibited the greatest good feeling and enthusiasm. One might have almost imagined them Americans."

"What have they done with the electric telegraph that was presented them?" I asked.

"Little or nothing, I think. But I am not certain. They are making astonishing headway, however, in the groundwork for future intercourse with the world. Five or six months since, they asked me, as a great favor, to be allowed to send a minister to the United States. 'My dear sirs,' I replied, 'do not ask this as a favor; *it is your right.* Send a minister, with as large a suite as you choose, and you may be certain of a friendly reception.'"

"'And would the United States furnish us transportation from here to the Isthmus?'" he asked.

"'Certainly,' I replied; 'and treat you with the greatest attention and kindness during your whole stay.'

"Yes," I remarked, laughingly. "I can imagine a Japanese minister and suite in the hands of the New York City Fathers! What a time they would have of it! How every theatre would throw open its doors for them, *and the crowd they would draw;* and how Japanese reserve and love of quiet would be driven to desperation by *the attentions* with which they would be surrounded. Are these officers and princes rich enough to make a grand display, or would they carry along with them their simple dress and tastes?"

"They would be just as they see them now," he replied. "We have no idea of the sound common sense, and want of everything like pretension, peculiar to these people. Take the Emperor himself, for instance. He is, as you may suppose, very rich, and yet I am positive that his table and clothing do not cost him $500 a year. Why that sum would not more than pay for the gloves of a Broadway dandy, with us. You have doubtless seen the thick, soft matting with which the doors of their houses are covered? Well, the floors of the palace are covered in the same way, and this matting serves as the Emperor's bed, as well as that of the poorest house serves as the bed of his poorest subject. He stretches himself out, with a wooden pillow under his head, and sleeps a sleep rarely granted to his brother Monarchs. To see a Japanese thus sleeping, with his head abruptly raised five or six inches, you would predict a stiff neck."

SENDING A MINISTER, ETC.

"About what time do you think they will send us a minister?" I asked, "and have they any able men who would be equal to the post?"

"As for the *time*, it is not yet settled upon; but as to the *fact* of one going, that is beyond all doubt. I suppose that *within a year from this date* a Japanese Minister and suite of twenty or thirty will be in Washington. Higo-no-Kami (Kami—prince; 'no'—of; 'Higo'—Higa;—Prince of Higo) is probably as able a man as they have, and he is doubtless the one who will be selected. You will see him in a few days—a fine-looking fellow."

Mr. Harris speaks most interestingly of the feats of the jugglers, and of the theatres of Yeddo, as well as of the extensive stores. He says that the Prince of Cinano, (Cinano-no-Kami) to whose particular care it seems the Emperor confided his comfort and amusement, fancying that he was having a dull time in the immense house that had been appropriated to him, called up some of his jugglers to perform before him and help him pass it. One of them was the "Anderson" of Japan—his feats were so wonderful that I am almost afraid to write them. I wish it distinctly understood therefore that I am only repeating *what Mr. Harris told us*, and *what we consequently believe*. Here are some of his feats:

No. 1. He took an ordinary boy's top, spun it in the air, caught it on his hand, and then placed it (still spinning) upon the edge of a sword near the hilt. Then he dropped the sword point a little and the top moved slowly toward it. Arrived at the very end, the hilt was lowered in turn and the top brought back. As usual, the sword was dangerously sharp.

No. 2 was also performed with the top. He spun it in the air, and then threw the end of the string back toward it with such accuracy that it was caught up and wound itself already for a second cast. By the time it had done this it had reached his hand and was ready for another spin.

No. 3 was still performed with the top.—There was an upright pole, upon the top of which was perched a little house with a very large front door. The top was spun, made to climb the pole, knock open the said front door, and disappear. As well as I remember the hand end of the string was fastened near the door, so that this was almost a repetition of the self-winding feat.

But feat No. 4 was something even more astonishing than all this. He took two paper butterflies, armed himself with the usual paper fan, threw them into the air, and fanning gently, kept them flying about him as if they had been alive.

"He can make them alight whenever you wish! Try him!" remarked the kami (prince) through the interpreter.

Mr. H——— requested that one might alight upon each ear of the juggler. No sooner expressed than complied with. Gentle undulations of the fan waved them slowly to the required points, and there left them comfortably seated. Now, whether this command over pieces of paper was obtained simply by currents of air, or by the power of a concealed magnet, Mr. H——— could not tell or ascertain. One thing however was certain—*the power was there.*

Let us turn from jugglers to theatres. It seems that there are only four of the latter in Yeddo, and that they are all alongside of each other. Hence, if a Japanese on the edge of the city wishes to attend one of them, he must take some foot exercise before being able to do so. I say that he must walk, for no one but the princes in Japan are allowed to ride, as a general rule, and *they must ride*, either in a chair or on horseback, as they choose. In the latter case, the horse is led by a groom on each side, and is never allowed to go out of a walk. While passing by these theatres, Mr. H. expressed a wish to attend a performance, but his princely conductor was very much shocked, telling him that none but the common people ever went to such places. If the nobility wanted to see anything of the sort, they *made the actors come to them.*

Speaking of the stores of Yeddo, Mr. H——— observed that we would be surprised at their size, at their contents, and at their great number of salesmen, each of whom had his dozen or more shopboys executing instantly his every order. "Upon entering the immense building, you see no goods at all," he said. "They are all stored in fire-proof buildings in the rear. When a customer enters and asks for anything, the salesman orders the shop boys, the shop boys apply at the fire-proof, the keeper of the fire-proof checks against each one that which he takes, the salesman makes his sale, each shop boy returns to the fire proof his part of what remains, and at night the salesman accounts to his employer for the difference. Thus is business conducted in the large houses of Japan."

I expect that the "world of mariners" would like to know if fresh provisions are yet to be obtained in Japan. The answer is—yes, as much as you want. At Hakodadi, fresh beef, Irish potatoes, buckwheat and wheat flour, fine fresh salmon, &c. At Simoda, chickens, eggs, fish, sweet potatoes, rice, &c. And at Nagasaki, the same as at Simoda, as well as a few foreign articles through the Dutch of Desima. And then *the prices* which they ask for all these things! Let me give you an example. I have just bought 270 pounds *of the best rice in the world* (I except that of no country) for $2,81, a fraction *over one cent a pound.* In China, at this moment, some of the *worst rice in the world* is selling at 4c. Comment is useless here; but I may mention that China is but four days' sail from Japan.—*Correspondence of Public Ledger.*

A SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.—At a late hour on Saturday night week, two infamous scamps from this city proceeded to a farm-house a short distance from New Castle, Delaware, where a most estimable young lady resided, and after arousing the inmates, informed her that her brother, who is employed here, was lying at the point of death, and that if she was desirous of seeing him before he breathed his last, she must accompany them to Philadelphia, in a covered wagon, which they alleged they had brought with them for that purpose. She at once assented to this arrangement, and soon after departed in company with them, as she supposed, for this city. The wagon was driven to a thicket about two miles from her residence, when they forcibly seized her by the arms, dragged her out of the wagon, and abused her person, when they drove off, leaving her to find her way back to her residence in the dark. The affair naturally created the greatest excitement in the vicinity of New Castle and Wilmington, and if the scamps had fallen into the hands of the citizens, the "Diamond State" would undoubtedly have been saved any expense in trying and punishing them. A person named Alexander Robinson, alias "Shinny," has been arrested by the Philadelphia police, as one of the offenders, and the officers are after the other. Families should be on their guard against such attempts. We have known willful young ladies to expose themselves to great risks by not taking the advice of their parents and brothers respecting going out unattended in the evenings, &c.

SUCCESS OF A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.—A youth of about ten years of age, a son of J. Knox Walker, Esq., of this country, actually shot and killed a savage specimen of the catamount, near Mr. Walker's residence, about four miles from the city, on Saturday. The noble little boy wounded the animal at the first shot with his rifle, and very deliberately put a second charge in his gun, with which he despatched the animal. The exploit is one that would not have been performed by many persons of mature years without an attack of "buck-ague." The little hero was in the city yesterday, and was the unconscious object of general interest.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

LOW-NECKED DRESSES.—The Lafayette (Ind.) Courier says that at a recent county fair in Indiana, a couple of fashionable ladies, attired in very low-necked dresses, were much mortified because all the infants from the rural districts cried after them.

NEWS ITEMS.

A GREAT trotting match for a purse of $5,000 took place at the Union Course, New York, on Wednesday week, between Ethan Allen and Lantern; mile heats, to wagons, best three in five. Ethan Allen won the race, trotting the first mile in 2.29½. The betting was unusually heavy, and the owner of Lantern is said to have lost $10,000.

GOVERNOR PACKER, of Pennsylvania, has commissioned John M. Read, Judge of the Supreme Court, for fifteen years from the first Monday of December next.

THE auction sale at Washington on Tuesday week, of the household effects of Don Cavalcanti de Alnuquerque, was numerously attended by the upper ten, and articles brought good prices. The splendid damask furniture and curtains in the "green" and "yellow" rooms, were purchased by Baron Stoeckl, who has become proprietor of the establishment, at a cost of $21,000.

POTATOES AT THE WEST.—During the last two weeks, 20,000 barrels, equal to 50,000 bushels, of potatoes were received at Cincinnati. The entire receipts during the year ending September, 1858, comprised only 110,000 bushels.

THE California Indian idea of medicine men is not exalted. In Mariposa county we have news that the Fresno Indians have come to a conclusion that the doctors are a humbug, because they don't cure any diseases except such as old women do just as well or better; and secondly, because if they were real medicine men, they would make the air sweet, and give us rain. So they determined to get rid of them. They have been hunting them down, and, at last accounts, they have killed seven of them.

ILLINOIS.—The official plurality of James Miller, Republican candidate for State Treasurer, is 3,673. The total vote of John Dougherty, Administration candidate for the same office, is 5,021.

The vote in the Ninth Congressional District of Illinois, (Egypt) stands thus: Republican, 2,374; Democratic, 15,026. In one county, Saline, there were polled 1,095 Democratic votes and no Republican.

THE Rev. John Pierpont is performing an engagement at Dodworth's Rooms, to the spiritualists of New York. He is making revelations and communications of the tallest possible altitude.

MR. S. S. JONES, late President of the Iowa Central Air Line Railroad, in a letter to the Directors, resigning his office, states that the cost to his company of getting the Iowa land grant through Congress, during the session of 1854, was *seven hundred thousand dollars!* The original "pecuniary compliments" were bestowed in the shape of lands, of which the Air Line Company got something near nine hundred thousand acres; but subsequently the lands were exchanged for the stock of the company to the amount stated!

FREE PASSES IN CANADA.—Chief Justice Robinson, of the Queen's Bench, in Canada, has decided in the case of James McPiggin—who brought an action for damages on account of the death of his daughter, killed at the Desjardins bridge disaster—that the fact that the girl was traveling upon a free pass, exonerated the company from the payment of damages.

THREE colored persons were tried and convicted last week, in the Circuit Court for Frederick county, Md., of the offence of enticing slaves to run away from their masters. The Citizen says: "They were sentenced by the court in accordance with a law recently passed by the Legislature, to be sold out of the State as slaves for life, the proceeds of sale to be applied, first, to cost of prosecution; secondly, to indemnify the masters of the runaways for their loss: and the balance, if any, to be given to the families of the convicted parties.

STRANGE.—A short time since, a farmer who resides about five miles from Hamilton, C. W., visited that city on business, and while there met with an accident which caused the dislocation of the vertebræ of his neck. The unfortunate man is now lying in an utterly hopeless condition, being unable to move hands or legs, or to perform any of his natural functions—in a word, he has *a living head but a dead body.*—He has lain in this state since the occurrence of the accident, and the probability is that he will never regain the use of his limbs.

NOVEL WAGER.—A young man named Alexander Duncan, arrived last Saturday in Cincinnati, Ohio, having performed a pedestrian journey from New York. He undertook the task upon a bet of $250, and was to complete the task within eighteen days. He did it with nine hours to spare. He was accompanied by the individual who bet against him, and who drove a buggy and carried his carpet sack, the expense of travelling to be borne by the loser. The pedestrian appeared less used up than either the horse or the driver.

THE COMET.—The appearance of the comet created an immense sensation in Egypt; for several days all business and labor were at a stand still, the inhabitants believing that it foreboded some great calamity.

TWENTY-FIVE newspapers, which have been started in Kansas since its settlement, in 1854, have suspended. But two papers now living in the Territory, date back of 1857.

STEAM CARRIAGE.—Col. R. M. Hoe, we see it announced, is about to construct a carriage to travel over any turnpike or good country road, and to be propelled by steam. It is intended for himself, to ride out and in between his place of business and his country seat, about twelve miles from the city of New York. It is expected that the carriage and propelling power will not cost more than a good pair of horses and coach, and travel over a fair road at the rate of two thirty per mile. Col. Hoe is the inventor of the "Last-fast" type-revolving printing press, and if it is in the power of mechanical knowledge to make an economical steam carriage to run on common roads, we think he is the man to do it.

GREAT MORTALITY AMONG THE "FAITHFUL."—The caravan of pilgrims which left Damascus for Mecca last summer, accompanied by the Sultana and her suite, returned to Damascus on the 25th of September, its ranks decimated by the cholera. Of the eighty thousand persons who composed the caravan, sixteen thousand were carried off by the epidemic. The Sultana and her entire suite, with the exception of a young Georgian slave and an old eunuch, are among the victims. The malignant character of the epidemic is ascribed to the prevalence of the Sirocco.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Minutes of the Annual Conference of the M. E. Church for the last ecclesiastical year, show a large increase of membership. The following table gives the recapitulation:

	Members.	Probationers.	Total.
This year.	705,557	167,915	953,572
Last year.	709,968	110,551	820,519
Increase,	55,589	77,364	132,953

THEY are exhibiting a man in New York—that grand head-quarters of the wonderful, as well as horrible—who eats nothing but paving-stones! Here is the placard that stares the passers-by of the show-room:

"The wonder of the 19th century! Mons. Guisel, the great stone-eater. This wonderful man eats nothing but paving stones, pebbles, rocks, &c., for his breakfast, dinner, and supper. He will swallow a number of large stones in presence of the audience. He lives and subsists entirely on the above food, drinks nothing but water, and has perfect health. Physicians cannot account for this unparalleled living wonder."

WEALTH FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.—A woman died, a few days since, in Cincinnati, Ohio, who had accumulated $8,000 in the business of playing a hand organ and singing through the streets.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Ex-Governor David Medary has signified his willingness to accept the Governorship of Kansas, which was tendered him a week ago.

LORD ELGIN'S VISIT TO JAPAN—APPEARANCE OF THE CITY OF JEDDO.—A correspondent of the Times writes from Shanghai an account of Lord Elgin's arrival at Jeddo, in Japan:—The squadron passed the sacred limits, beyond which no foreigner had ever passed, to the astonishment of the Japanese and Russian ships, and did not communicate with the shore. The arrival of the British squadron in waters which the Japanese had sedulously represented as being too shallow to admit of the approach of large ships filled them with dismay and astonishment. Boats followed each other filled with officials of ascending degrees of rank, to beg them to return to Kanagawa, and, finally, urgent representations were made to the ambassadors on the subject. Firstly, the anchorage was said to be dangerous, then the difficulty of getting supplies was represented.

The delivery of the yacht at Jeddo, was, however, indispensable; and no sooner was this settled than the Japanese, in their usual way, became perfectly reconciled to the arrangement, sent off supplies with great willingness, and began to prepare a residence on shore for Lord Elgin and his staff. It appeared that Count Putiatine had been delayed for ten days negotiating on this subject at Kanagawa, and only succeeded in taking up his residence at Jeddo on the same day that we cast anchor before the town. He had made the journey overland from Kanagawa, a distance of eighteen miles.

On arriving at Jeddo, the Japanese officials sent off to superintend the anchorage returned in one of the gun-boats, with thirteen ships' boats in tow, amid the thunder of salutes, the playing of a band, and the flutter of flags. They stopped within seven feet of the batteries, and the procession of boats was formed, the four paddle-box boats, each with a 24 pounder howitzer in her bows, enclosing between them the ambassador's barge, the remainder of the ships' boats, with captains and officers all in full dress, leading the way. The band struck up "God save the Queen," as Lord Elgin ascended the steps of the official landing-place, near the centre of the city, and was received and put into his chair by sundry two-sworded personages, the rest of the mission, together with some officers of the squadron, following on horseback.

A dense crowd was collected. During Lord Elgin's stay nearly all the officers of the squadron were enabled to pay him a visit. In front of the temple where he resided, in the aristocratic quarter of the city, was a street, which continued *for ten miles as closely packed with houses, and as densely crowded with people, as it is from Hyde Park corner to Mile End.* At the back of it stretched a wide and somewhat dreary aristocratic quarter, containing the residences of the three hundred and sixty hereditary princes—each a petty sovereign in his own right; and many of them with half a dozen town houses, and some of them able to accommodate, in the same mansions, ten thousand retainers.

The area of the city is equal to, if not larger than that of London, and contains 2,500,000 of inhabitants. The castle alone is computed to be capable of containing 40,000. For ten miles around there were extraordinary evidences of civilization; the people are clean, and most amiable; there are no beggars, and the climate, fertility, and beauty of the country appear to be unequalled. We have yet to discover what the exports of Japan may be beyond camphor, wax, and copper; but from a consideration of the natural tendencies and "go-ahead" disposition of the people, there can be little doubt that a market will, at some future day, exist in these islands, for the produce and manufactures of the west are of sufficient magnitude and importance to secure for them a high place in the list of Great Britain's customers.

A CHESS MATCH BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.—Some two years ago a match of two games was played between the chess clubs of the two cities, both of which were won by Philadelphia. Another match is now in progress, and is being played by telegraph—the telegraph company announcing the moves, &c., without charge.

The following gentlemen have been authorized by their respective clubs to conduct the games:

New York Club.	*Philadelphia Club.*
Theodore Lichtenhein,	H. P. Montgomery,
Col. C. D. Mead,	W. G. Thomas,
James Thompson,	P. Randolph,
Daniel W. Fiske,	Lewis Elkin,
Frederick Perrin,	Dr. S. Lewis.

The match is to be for two games. Should each win one, a third will be played to see who is conqueror. Umpires at the two cities are Prof. Allen at Philadelphia, for New York, and Mr. Stanley at New York, for Philadelphia. The following is the first game as far as played:—

Red, (New York.)	*White, (Philadelphia.)*
1—P to Q's 4th,	P to K's 3d,
2—P to Q's B's 4th,	P to Q's 4th,
3—Q's Kt to B's 3d,	K's Kt to B's 3d.
4—K's Kt to K B's 3d,	P to Q's B's 4th,
5—P to K's 3d,	Q's Kt to Q's B's 3d,
6—P to Q's R 3d,	P to Q's Kt's 3d,
7—Q's B's P takes Q's P,	K's Kt takes P,
8—K's B to Q's Kt 5th,	Q's B to Q's 2d,
9—Q's Kt takes K's Kt,	P takes Kt,
10—Castles,	P to Q's R's 3d,
11—K's B takes Kt,	B's P takes B's P,
12—Kt to K's 5th,	Q to Q's B 3d,
13—Q to K's Kt 4th,	Q's B to Q 2d,
14—Q to K's B 3d,	Q's B to K 3d,
15—Q to K's 2d,	K's B to Q 3d,
16—P to K's B 4th,	Q's B to K's B 4th,
17—P to Q's Kt 3d,	Q's B to K's 5th,
18—B to Q's Kt 2d,	P to K's R 4th.
19—K's Kt to B's 3d.	K to B's square.

HUMORS OF THE ELECTION.—One of our "adopted citizens," the day before election made his appearance at City Hall, and after some hesitation approached one of the police with "Me tax has been paid, shure, but there's a thrifle of back rint that's owing—couldn't ye jist do that, and make sure of me at onst?"

In a neighboring town one of the same class appeared before the town clerk, flourishing his tax bill, for the purpose of having his name put on the check list. "Write your name," said the clerk. The "gintleman" took the pen by the tip of the feather, and after scratching about on the paper, threw it down. "What's that?" said the clerk. "And shure, isn't that a *J*, and a *hen*, and a *why*; and doesn't them same spell John Murray?" By this time the head man of this squad had got an inkling of what was going on, and came in, took the fellow by the shoulder, telling him to go away. "And shure," said he, in return, "haven't I paid three dollars to vote, and now ye're going to chate me out of it. It's a burning shame; bad 'cess to you intirely." But he lost his vote.—*Boston Transcript.*

EXCITEMENT AT MOBILE—DETENTION OF THE NICARAGUAN EMIGRANTS.—*Mobile, Nov. 20.*—Great excitement existed here during yesterday, in consequence of the detention of the Nicaraguan "Emigrants." About four hundred of them surrounded the office of Julius Hesse, the Agent, demanding immediate transportation or the return of their passage money.

Mr. Smith, Deputy Collector of the port, interposed and stated that instructions from Washington were confidently expected on Saturday. The crowd then dispersed on the assurance of something definite being determined upon by evening.

ACOUPA, Ga., Nov. 20.—Private despatches received here from Mobile state that the "emigrants" demand from the agent prompt compliance with the agreement made for the tickets issued, or violence may be apprehended.

☞ AN UNLUCKY EXPRESSION.—An editor, retorting upon an opponent, says: "Now, this is a matter of taste—or rather of common decency—and something with which we have *nothing* to do."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?

Yes—that is the question! The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then our souls have rest—we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, and asking questions: in short, overturning the peace of society generally for about thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him—everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melt lard in the new sauce-pan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he be sent up to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something or knocking something apart, or sawing or planing, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But he comes home noiser and more breezy than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jim Smith—he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown—and Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valorous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor life; in fact, he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks who want to be quiet.

It is true, that if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back, What is to be done with him?

But, after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer to the question, What is to be done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid, but if not laid aright will come back, by-and-by, a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our Scriptures render us familiar, a MAN-child—a MAN-child.—There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question,—"What shall we do with Charley?"

For to-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and *never* find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude and busy and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion, he hears the voices in the parlor and his play room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is *human* warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warning plea—God's admonition. Oh, how many a mother who has neglected it because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not. Shut out as a little Arab; constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general, the boy has found at last his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day comes when the parents want their son, and the sisters their brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your boy in your society, there will be places found for him—warmed and lighted with no friendly fires, where he who finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, will care for him, if you do not. You may put out a tree and it will grow while you sleep, but a son you cannot—you must take trouble for him, either a little now or a great deal by-and-by.

Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day; bear his noise and his ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story; or show him a picture; devise still parlor plays for him: for he gains nothing by being allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil, a sheet of paper, and a few patterns will sometimes keep him quiet by you for an hour while you are talking, or in a corner he may build a block house, annoying nobody. If he does now and then disturb you, and costs you more thought and care to regulate him there, balance which is the greatest evil—to be disturbed by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, *your presence* is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound and make all the litter his heart desires, and his various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have, a few shelves which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet, is one of the best. He picks up shells and pebbles and stones, all odds and ends, nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on, and the hours he may innocently spend sorting and arranging.

A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable resource for various purposes, nor must you mind though he varnish his nose and fingers and clothes, (which he will do, of course,) if he does nothing worse. A cheap paint box and some engravings to color, is another: and if you will give him some *real* paint and putty to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man.

All these things make trouble—to be sure they do—but Charley *is* to make trouble, that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind. God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him.—MRS. H. B. STOWE, *in Independent.*

AMERICAN FOOD.—Rev. Mr. Higginson, in a lecture on Physical Education, says:—

Contrast the difference of living in the Canadian cities, Montreal for example, where there are two sets of hotels, English and American. In the one you find English customs—abundance of water, towels of the dimensions of the mainsail of a man-of-war, admirable beef and bread, which are eaten moderately; in the other you find pint pitchers of water, pocket-handkerchief towels, and you breakfast on bad coffee, fried rhinoceros, flap-jacks, and flap-dash pies. Here is one explanation of American disease, without climate. Somebody has said, "Tell me the food of a nation, and I will tell you its character." In the Canadian schools you can at once distinguish the American from the English children; the schoolmistress will tell you that the former are smarter than the others, but they stay at home every other day because they are sick. You all know that an average American child carries to school for dinner or luncheon—a piece of mince pie, very white and indigestible at the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and with untold horrors in the middle, a pound cake, two doughnuts, a piece of cheese, a pickle and a cold sausage. Talk of Pandora's box of old! the modern Pandora's box is an affectionate mother's luncheon basket, and it does not have hops at the bottom. But what does the English child carry to school for dinner? Bread and meat, or bread and butter, or bread and apples—nothing more; and the bread is English bread, not such as is seen in these regions where housekeepers lay in their supplies for a year, a pound of saleratus to a pound of flour.

THE HINDOOS ON FAITH.—At the recent anniversary of the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION of this city, the Rev. Henry Martin Scudder, of India, related several entertaining anecdotes to illustrate the wit and acumen of the high caste Hindoos, whom the missionaries find it so difficult to convert. Among other things he said:—

"In a discourse I was speaking of faith, there came to me afterwards a noble Hindoo, (and they know how to flatter), and said, 'Sir, you speak our language beautifully. I am delighted to hear you. This thing you speak about—faith—is very interesting; but, sir, allow me to remark that a man may be saved whether he has faith or no faith. Do you see this monkey?' In order that you may understand the application, I must inform you that the little monkey lies under the abdomen of the mother, supporting itself with its hands and legs around the body without her assistance, and thus she takes it from limb to limb. 'Look at the monkey—there is faith. But did you ever see an old cat carry a kitten? She takes it by the back of the neck and walks off with it. That is no faith. If you have faith you will be saved as the young monkey; but if you have no faith you will be carried as the old cat does the kitten.' (Laughter.) This, doctors of divinity, is a fair field for you, (continued laughter.)"

☞ And though we hope for a better life, eternal happiness, after these painful and miserable days, yet we cannot compose ourselves willingly to die; the remembrance of it is almost grievous unto us, especially to such as are fortunate and rich; they start at the name of death, as a horse at a rotten post.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

☞ The Duke of Orleans said of two very poor persons who had married, that "Hunger had wedded Thirst."

LOVING EYES.

Hush, sweet heart—hush; I needs must chide
That flattering tongue of thine
My mirror tells another tale—
Such graces are not mine.
And yet I scarce can bid thee cease,
So much thy words I prize;
Exulting in the thought, that I
Am fairest in thine eyes.

But let me tell thee how it is
Thou findest charms in me;
For well I wot I owe them all,
Dear heart, to love, and thee.
List, then: Mine eyes their brightness won
When—taught by love to shine—
They first reflected back the beam
Which they had caught from thine.

My arm is round, because it loves
On thy strong arm to rest;
My hand is soft, for on thy palm
It lingers to be pressed.
My very footfall dost thou praise:
And why? 'Tis plain to me
That step sounds light, because, dear love,
It brings me quick to thee.

My voice thou say'st is softer far
Than that of cushat dove:
It may be, since I've learned from thee
To say, *to thee*, "I love."
Still, knowing well no charms have I,
These fancied ones I prize,
Because, dear heart, sweet heart, I owe
All to thy loving eyes.

RUTH BUCK.

AMERICA, THE ANCIENT WORLD.

Our continent is separated from the eastern hemisphere by a vast expanse of water, and it differs materially from it in the prevailing types of its fauna and flora. These belong to a higher antiquity than those now found in Europe, and bear a striking resemblance to fossils found in some of the later geological formations. Hugh Miller, in his "Testimony of the Rocks," has the following striking paragraphs:—

"Let me remind you, in passing, that the antiquity of type which characterizes the recent productions of North America is one of many wonders, not absolutely geological in themselves, but which, save for the revelations of geology, would have forever remained unnoted and unknown, which have been pressed, during the past half century, on the notice of naturalists. 'It is a circumstance quite extraordinary and unexpected,' says Agassiz, in his profoundly interesting work on Lake Superior, 'that the fossil plants of the Tertiary bed of Oeningen resembles more closely the trees and shrubs which grow at present in the eastern part of North America than those of any other parts of the world; thus allowing us to express correctly the difference between the opposite coasts of Europe and America, by saying that the present Eastern American flora, and I may add, their fauna also, have a more ancient character than those of Europe. The plants, especially the trees and shrubs, growing in our days in the United States, are, as it were, old-fashioned, and the characteristic genera Lagomys, Cheldra, and the Salamander, with permanent gills, that remind us of the fossil of the Oeningen, are at least equally so; they bear the marks of former ages.'

"How strange a fact! Not only are we so-customed to speak of the eastern continents as the Old World, in contradistinction to the great continent of the West, but to speak also of the world before the Flood as the Old World, in contradistinction to the postdiluvian world which succeeded it. And yet equally, if we receive the term in either of its acceptations, is America an older world still; an older world than that of the eastern continents; an older world in the fashion and type of its productions than the world before the Flood. And when the immigrant settler takes the axe, amid the deep backwoods, to lay open for the first time what he deems a new country; the great trees that fall before him, the brushwood that he lops away with a sweep of his tool, the unfamiliar herbs which he tramples under foot, the lazy, fish-like reptile that scarce stirs out of his path, as he descends to the neighboring creek to drink, the fierce alligator-like tortoise, with the large limbs and small carcass, that he sees watching among the reeds for fish and frogs, just as he reaches the water, and the little hare-like rodent, without a tail, that he startles by the way, all attest, by the antiqueness of the mould in which they are cast, how old a country the seemingly new one really is—a country vastly older, in type at least, than that of the antediluvians and the patriarchs, and only to be compared with that which flourished on the eastern side of the Atlantic long ere the appearance of man, and the remains of whose perished productions we find locked up in the *loess* of the Rhine, or amid the lignites of Nassau. America is emphatically the *Old* World."

ADVICE TO THE CHOIRS.—Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York, delivered a lecture on "Congregational Singing," in the church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, not long since. He hoped that choirs would not take offence at what he said, for he was not blaming them. They could not make their voices a hundred or a thousand voices. Choirs had their place in the church, and he was not for dispensing with them. They made the best leaders of congregations, when they were willing to be leaders, and when they did not abandon a tune as soon as they found the people were beginning to know it. Besides, the higher and more elaborate pieces of sacred music, which are consecrated to the worship of God, could only be performed by trained singers, and these, the productions of the great masters, were not to be banished from our churches. Let these choicest harmonies ever uttered by instrument or voice, be heard in proper times and in due measure in the temple of the King of kings. It were to be wished that choirs would sometimes favor the church with those elevating ecclesiastical strains, rather than that which were more fitting for the concert-room or the stage.

☞ Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—*Washington Irving.*

FOREthought.

If a man faints away, instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on his back on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting-fit is a barbarity, and soils the clothing unnecessarily. The philosophy of a fainting-fit is, the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain; if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill, but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally—which requires less power, is apparent.

If a person swallows a poison, deliberately or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous and incoherent exclamations, dispatch some one for a doctor; meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into it a tea-spoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it in an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open, then down with the mixture, and in a second or two up will come the poison. This will answer in a larger number of cases than any other. If, by this time, the physician has not arrived, make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee (because these nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles,) as antidotes for remaining in the stomach.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spirts or jerks, *per saltem*, as doctors say, be in a hurry, or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician; say nothing, but with your handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around, tighter and tighter, until the blood ceases to flow. But stop, it does no good. Why? Because only a severed artery throws blood out in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence, to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, *above* the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and slow, and, on the other hand, the tie should be applied *below* the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart, because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart, and there is no need of such great hurry.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

RELIGIOUS STATUS OF WOMEN IN THE MOHAMMEDAN SYSTEM.—The place which the Mohammedan system assigns to women in the other world has often been wrongfully represented. It is not true, as has sometimes been reported, that Mohammedan teachers deny her admission to the felicity of Paradise. The doctrine of the Koran is, most plainly, that her destiny is to be determined in like manner with that of every accountable being; and according to the judgment passed upon her is her reward, although nothing definite is said of the place which she is to occupy in Paradise. Mohammed speaks repeatedly of "believing women," commends them, and promises them the recompense which their good deeds deserve.

The regulations of the Sunnah are in accordance with the *precepts of the Koran. So far* from woman being regarded in these institutions as a creature without a soul, special allusion is frequently made to her, and particular directions given for her religious conduct. Respecting observance of Ramazan, her ablutions, and many other matters, her duty is taught with a minuteness that borders on indecorous precision. She repeats the creed in dying, and, like other Mussulmans, says, "In this faith I have lived, in this faith I die, and in this faith I hope to rise again." She is required to do everything of religious obligation equally with men. The command to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca extends to her. In my journeys, I often met with women on their way to the Holy City. They may even undertake this journey without the consent of their husbands, whose authority in religious matters extends only to those acts of devotion which are not obligatory.

Women are not, indeed, allowed to be present in the mosques at the time of public prayers; but the reason is not that they are regarded, like pagan females, as unsusceptible of religious sentiments, but because the meeting of the two sexes in a sacred place is supposed to be unfavorable to devotion. This, however, is an Oriental, not a Mohammedan prejudice. The custom is nearly the same among the Christians as among the Mussulmans. In the Greek churches the females are separated from the males, and concealed behind a lattice; and something of the same kind I have observed among the Christians of Mesopotamia.—*Travels in the East, by the Right Rev. Horatio Southgate, D. D.*

A WELL FLOGGED RACE.—Sala, in his recent work on Russia, entitled "A Journey Due North," says:

"Every Russian, of whatever rank he may be—from the sun, moon and starred general to the filthy moujik; from the white headed octogenarian to the sallow baby in the nurse's arms—every child of the Czar has a worn, pinched, dolorous, uneasy expression in his countenance, as if his boots hurt him, or as if he had a canker-worm somewhere, or a scarlet letter burnt into his breast, like the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale. They are not good to look at—Russian faces. People say that it is the climate, or the abuse of vapor baths, that gives them that unlovely look. But a bad climate won't prevent you from looking your neighbor in the face; two vapor baths per week won't pull down the corners of your mouth and give you the physiognomy of a convict who would like to get into the chaplain's good graces. No. It is the Valley of the Shadow of Stick through which these men are continually passing, that casts this evil hang-dog cloud upon them."

☞ One great reason why men practice generosity so little in the world is, their finding so little there: generosity is catching; and if so many men escape it, it is in a degree from the same reason that countrymen escape the small-pox—because they meet with no one to give it them.—*Greville.*

CLERICAL ODDITIES.

Dr. John Blair Smith, President of the Union College, was an eloquent extemporaneous preacher. His custom was to hold a small Bible in his hand, in which was fixed a bit of paper, which he would bring to his eye at each new turn of his discourse. One day, in an animated burst of feeling, his thumb, which held down the paper to its place, let go its charge, and the fugitive "notes" sailed away on the breeze into the broad aisle. The doctor very quietly tore off a small piece of newspaper which he had in his pocket, put it under his thumb aforesaid, and then went on as usual with his sermon, lifting his "notes" to his eye as before, to help his mental motion, much to the amusement of some of the spectators.

Dr. James Muir, of the District of Columbia, wrote all his sermons, and recited them *memoriter*. But unless the manuscript was in his pocket he could not go on at all, though he never used it. One day, having left it at home, he was obliged to send for it before he could begin the recitation. He was buried, at his own request, in a grave thirteen feet under the pulpit.

In writing sermons, Dr. Muir was in the habit of folding the requisite amount of paper, and then scattering *catch-words* along the pages, after which he would proceed to fill up the intervals with the thoughts which he had already carefully studied in his own mind.

Dr. David Porter was a great oddity. A Napoleon head, joined by a short neck upon a very portly body, which stood upon a pair of remarkably spindle legs, cased in small clothes and silk hose, it was the striking figure of as uncommon a mind. When fairly under way in the pulpit, his short, terse sentences, jerked out with a nod of the head and a stamp of the foot, or the rap of his cane, which he sometimes did not lay aside even in preaching, told like the hitting of bullets. In the lecture-room, he would not only traverse the platform, but at times descend to the floor, step over a bench to some open space, walk there awhile, step over another bench, and get back to the desk from the opposite side, and all the while carrying on his address without a break.

Dr. Porter was very absent-minded. Praying with his eyes open, as was his habit, at a "neighborhood-meeting," he chanced to see a friend just arrived in the company, when, to the surprise of everybody, he crossed the room and extended his hand, exclaiming, with a voice of pleasure, "Oh, how d'do?" not seeming aware at all of the eccentric movement.—*Sprague's Annals.*

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT.—In 1802 Peter Cartwright received what is called "an exhorter's license," and was allowed to "exercise his gifts." He began to find a little education necessary; and Providence opened his way to a school at which were taught "all the branches of a common education and also the dead languages." Peter's linguistic acquirements are thus exhibited:—

"I recollect once to have come across one of these Latin and Greek scholars, a regular graduate in theology. In order to bring me into contempt in a public company, he addressed me in Greek. In my younger days I had learned considerable of German. I listened to him as if I understood it all, and then replied in Dutch. This he knew nothing about, neither did he understand Hebrew. He concluded that I had answered him in Hebrew, and immediately caved in, and stated to the company that I was the first educated Methodist preacher he ever saw."

SALUBRITY IN ENGLAND.—The Registrar-General, in his last report on births, deaths, and marriages, says that it is now well established by extensive observation that England is the healthiest country in Europe. France stands next to England in salubrity. In the continental cities the annual rate of mortality is seldom less than 30 in 1,000, and frequently as high as 40. In London the rate of mortality is only 25 in 1,000. Statistical records prove that "the climate of England is eminently salubrious;" and it has not yet been shown that the climate of any part of the continent is more salubrious than this island—crowned with hills of moderate elevation, sloping towards the east and the south; bathed by the showers of the Atlantic; drained naturally by rivers running short courses to the sea, cultivated more extensively than other lands, and producing those unequalled breeds of sheep, cattle, and horses, which flourish only in healthy places.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains. The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.
—*Byron.*

THE CENTRAL PRINCIPLE OF ELOQUENCE.—Eloquence must be grounded on the plainest narrative. Afterwards, it may warm itself until it exhales symbols of every form and color, speaks only through the most poetic forms, but, first and last, it must still be a biblical statement of fact. The orator is thereby an orator, that he keeps his feet ever on a fact. Thus only is he invincible. No gifts, no graces, no power of wit, of learning or illustration, will make any amends for want of this. All audiences are just to this point. Fame of voice or of rhetoric will carry people a few times to hear a speaker, but they soon begin to ask, "What is he driving at?" and if this man does not stand for anything he will be deserted. A good upholder of anything which they believe, a fact-speaker of any kind, they will long follow.—*Emerson.*

BRAVERY OF CORRESPONDENCE.—There is a story told of a gallant, who wrote to a noted general the following brief epistle:—

"To General Simpson.

"Sally has accepted me. Can I have her?

"Yours, PATTERSON."

To which the general replied:—

"Go ahead. Yours, J. SIMPSON."

☞ Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation.—*Bacon.*

DISCOVERIES WITH REFERENCE TO THE PLANET MARS.—It is found that there is not a planet within the reach of our telescopes which presents an aspect so like that of the earth as Mars; which surface, independently of the changeable atmospheric influence, shows an appearance of well defined seas and continents—this being found to be very specially the case at the time when the geographical lines of demarcation were so beautifully distinct that Sir John Herschel called attention to them, saying that he was able to make a tolerable map of the surface. The predominant brightness of the polar regions leads to the supposition that the poles of Mars, like those of the earth, are covered with perpetual snow. The seas are also pronounced to be of a greenish hue, resembling the color of our own; and the land a red tint, perhaps owing to a quality in the prevailing soil.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Another of the contemporaries of Burns has been gathered to his fathers. James Neil died recently at Hurlford, aged ninety years. He had many reminiscences of the bard, which he was accustomed to relate with great glee. Among others we may mention the following:—They were ploughing together at a match on the Struther's Farm here. Among the prizes was one for the best kept harness. Burns excited the mirth of the field by appearing with a straw harness, and the judge awarded him the prize for his ingenuity. Throughout the whole day Burns kept calling at the boy who aided him, "Scud on! scud on! Davie, if we be warst, we'll no be last."—*Ardrossan Herald.*

STEAM POWER.—The power of machinery in Great Britain in mills has been computed to be equal to 600,000,000 men, one man being able by the aid of steam to do the work which required 250 men to accomplish fifty years ago. The production has been commensurate.—*Emerson.*

Useful Receipts.

TREATMENT OF GOUT.—The Abeille Medicale contains an article on the use of the oil extracted from the horse chestnut as a sedative in gout. In order to extract this oil, the horse chestnuts are first ground to powder, the latter is then treated with sulphuric ether, which dissolves the oil, resin, and saponine contained in the mass; the oil is then obtained pure by evaporating the ether. Ten kilogrammes of horse chestnuts yield ten grammes of oil. To use it, it must be applied with a fine hair brush on the part affected; if the pain is very intense, the unction should be effected circularly so as to arrive gradually at the centre. When the first application is absorbed, a second one is effected after the lapse of a few minutes, and then a third and fourth if necessary. The oiled part is then covered with blotting paper, cotton, or flannel, and then with oilskin; the patient must be kept in perfect repose. In some cases the application of the oil causes an increase of pain, for the first half hour, after which the sedative action commences, but generally the pain gradually disappears without any aggravation.

APPLE JAM.—Take a wide black jar, fill it not quite half full of water; cut the apples, unpeeled, into quarters, take out the core, then fill the jar with the apples; tie a paper over it, and put it into an oven not too hot. When quite soft and cool, with a wooden spoon pulp them through a sieve. To each pound of fruit weighed, after pulping, put ¾ pound of crushed sugar, boil it gently until it will jelly. Put it into large tart dishes or jars. It will keep for five or more years in a cool, dry place. If for present use or a month, ¼ pound of sugar is enough.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

PICKLING PORK.—Boil the brine—skim off all the impurities, and pour it on hot. The salt strikes into the meat while hot in a short time, as the pores are enlarged by heat. It has been tried by many different persons, and if the meat was in good order, I have never heard of its spoiling.—*Country Gentleman.*

TREATMENT OF FROSTED FEET.—To cure the intolerable itching that follows frost-bitten toes, it is necessary to totally exclude the air from the affected part. If it is not accompanied with swelling, gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol, applied so as to form a complete coat, is the easiest remedy that I know of. It dries soon, and does not adhere to the stockings, and generally lasts until they are well. If the flesh becomes swollen and painful, plasters of good sticking salve are of great service, but if highly inflamed, any mild poultice that will exclude the oxygen of the air from the diseased part, and keep it moist, allowing the recuperative powers of nature to do the rest.

BURNS AND SCALDS may be treated successfully, in the same manner.—*Country Gentleman.*

FLEAS IN DOGS.—The use of arsenic, mercurial ointment, &c., is effectual but dangerous. A correspondent of the *London Field*, says:—"I have tried many experiments myself, and have found out one perfectly satisfactory—as my groom informs me to day, on inquiry, there has never been a flea on the dog since. It is a yard dog, I allude to. I had a new wooden kennel made, and had it thoroughly painted with gas-tar, boiling hot, and when well dried, placed the dog there without any bed; the consequence was, the fleas all left. The dog is now clean and healthy. This took place early in the spring."

TO PREVENT DOGS HOWLING.—C. S. asks: "Is there any method of preventing dogs howling at night? I keep two in a stable; they are exercised every morning, fed in the evening, and provided with a good straw bed, but annoy their neighbors sadly."—[Nothing but the whip is effectual.—*London Field.*]

KICKING.—I saw a mare that used to kick steadily all night long, cured of that habit in the following way:—A driving-bit and curb were put on her, with leather straps running through two loops underneath the roller, and fastened with broad web straps to her fetlocks. She wore them for a month, could lie down with them, and never required them after. The straps, of course, were fastened to the lowest bar of the driving-bit.—*London Field.*

ALICE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A clear white moss set in a frame
Of gleaming amber hair;
A shape of beauty dancing by
To music in the air.

A starlit night, a willow tree
Low drooping o'er the ground;
The ripple of a girlish voice.
The locust's droning sound.

An uncrowned night, gemless and drear,
A chamber still and dim;
A stiff form 'neath a winding sheet,
A mournful requiem.

A mound beneath that willow tree,
A mound all myrtle-grown;
The name of Alice simply carved
Upon a snow-white stone.

There pictures hang in curtained rooms
Of Memory's haunted hall,
And the name upon that headstone
Unlocks the doors to all.

Pittsburg, Pa. E. A. M.

THE HEIR OF HARDINGTON.

I.

When Sir Willoughby Monke of Hardington and Frogholmes died, he left two daughters—co-heiresses. The estates, each lying in a different county, were not to be dismembered for equal division, but to be drawn by lot according to his will.

Cecily, the elder daughter, got Hardington in Yorkshire: Frogholmes left to Eliza, the younger, was in the Fens of Lincolnshire. Within eighteen months of their father's death both the heiresses married, bestowing name and fortune on their respective husbands, for the name of Monke was to go always with the property which was strictly entailed on any children that the sisters might bear. The marriages were equally discreet and common-place. Mr. Percival and Mr. Cholmondeley became Monkes without hesitation, and entered on the regency of their wives' estates with sedate satisfaction and the general opinion of their neighbors. Their known wealth notwithstanding, the sisters had never been popular or much sought after.

They were plain young women; short and inelegant in figure, and with ordinary blunt features, small eyes, scanty light hair and indifferent complexions. They had received narrow educations even for that time, and had no natural enlargement of mind to make up for defects of training. They had, however, a few decided opinions; among which were these: Hardington and Frogholmes were the finest estates in the kingdom; Monke was the most distinguished name in the red books; Cecily and Eliza Monke were the most to be envied of all the heiresses in the whole wide world. With such sublime and happy views of themselves and their belongings, the sisters could not fail to be reasonably amiable; apart from a stolid obstinacy in the elder, and a craving selfishness in the younger, they were amiable. They were very peaceable wives in a house, but then they ruled, and their husbands obeyed.—This was the conjugal arrangement from the beginning—The wisest arrangement under the circumstances.

When Cecily married Mr. Percival she was seven and twenty; a woman without romance, without tenderness, without geniality, sympathy, or any of the little lovable traits which are the vital breath of domestic life. A man might almost as well take a stone into his bosom as such a piece of animated clay for a wife. Mr. Percival Monke was not a great character, but he had enough of the leaven of humanity in him to experience very considerable annoyance from Cecily's coldness. He had been rather taken by her orderliness and system, by her care of her father, and her pride of station, and, though not in love, he thought she would make him a suitable partner. He was disappointed; but a few failures convinced him of the fruitlessness of attempting to work any change in her, so he betook himself to field pursuits, and went often from home, while she droned on in her placid, self-concentrated way, buried alive at Hardington, neither receiving nor paying visits when they could be avoided.

Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley Monke's life was not unlike that led by Cecily and her husband, at first; but afterwards, perhaps under pressure of boredom, perhaps from more vivacity of temper and less principle, Mr. Cholmondeley broke out into certain excesses which speedily cramped the revenues of Frogholmes. Cecily, indignant that Eliza had not governed her spouse better, declined to receive either of them at Hardington, and was as glad as her temperament permitted her to be when they forsook the Fens and went to live abroad.

For several years neither sister bore children; but, at last, Eliza wrote to announce a daughter, and in reply Cecily sent word that three months before she had blessed Hardington with a son and heir.

II.

The heir of Hardington. Lord of the Manor of Hardington. Francis George Percival Monke, Lord of the Manor of Hardington.

Such was his mother's view of the wizened, monkey-faced boy she had brought into the world. Never "my baby," "my poor little weakling baby," never "joy, or love, or pet, or pride, or delight," but always Heir of Hardington, Lord of the Manor of Hardington,—representative of so many acres and so much money, and so many neglected responsibilities.

Poor little Francis George Percival Monke! How he was doctored and iron-framed, and mother-tutored, and private-tutored, and paddled and bolstered, and be-praised! No baby of any sagacity but would have made haste to die under such an ordeal, even had it been preparatory to the inheritance of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. But Francis George, being a dull boy, lived through it, and, at twelve years old, was about as foolish, as conceited and as helpless a lad as the race of Monke ever produced. By that time he had outgrown the iron frame, and could walk straight on his feeble limbs; he could also repeat every particular of the estate he was to inherit; tell you its value under the old leases, and what it might be made to produce when the said leases fell in; and also he could exact reverence to himself from tenant and servant as their master in embryo. His father said he was a fool.

There was a grain of good in him, of course, as there is in every heart, God planted, until the devil-sown tares of the world spring up to choke it. He would not inflict pain, and was sorry to see pain: he was kind to animals; he was not ungenerous, and he worshipped his mother. She never caressed him—never indulged him. "You ought to do this," "you must learn to do that," "such and such honor is your due and your right;" were speeches constantly on her lips, though never accompanied with an incitement to any high or noble rule of life. If she had lost him she would have grieved for him as the lost heir of Hardington—not as her one child whose birthpangs had almost cost her life.

She taught him her notion of the duties of property practically; and, as her notion was how to get most money out of it, and how to put the least into it, his views did not become very liberal or extended. For him there was a sermon in each stone of the village of Hardington—a village not pretty by any means, nor well-ordered, nor well-moraled, nor well-manured, but still quite good enough for Mrs. Percival Monke, so long as the cottagers were punctual with their rent.

When the honest folk rhapsodise of rural innocence and peace and comfort, they don't picture to themselves villages of the Hardington type. They dream of bowery dwellings, redolent of sweet flowers; of bees and honey, and clotted cream, and dainty rashers, and fresh eggs, and delicious cakes. They dream of rosy-cheeked Phillis, with her milking-pail at the stile, and some handsome swain courting her. They dream of a poet's Utopia, or a new broom-swept hamlet, or a dependency of a rich and generous feudal lord; but there are many Hardingtons in the world that cannot be made to answer to their happy delusion at all;—Hardingtons, where fathers and mothers bring up indiscriminate tribes of children in two-roomed tumble-down dwellings; where they get coarse bread, and not enough of that, the week in and the week out; where, if innocence remains, she remains, in spite of evil and temptation; where vice breeds crime in a hot-bed of ignorance; where rheumatism and fever are every day guests, and the squire and the people are each other's natural enemy.

This was much the case on the fine estate to which Francis George Percival Monke had the misfortune to be born heir, and his mother's precepts were not likely to help him to improve it. A narrow-minded, bigoted, purse-proud woman, be she mother or be she *wife*, is one of the greatest hindrances that can befal a man; and, in his youth, Francis George certainly showed none of that force of character which might have promised that he would, some day, strike out an independent and better line of conduct for *himself*.

III.

There is no knowing into what depths of *stultified folly the* lad might have meandered, but for a lucky accident that befel him when he was about sixteen. He was riding an ill-broken pony through the village of Grenside, when it took fright and ran away with him, threw him, and broke his arm. The youth was picked up, and carried into the house of the curate of the parish, whose wife put him to bed and sent for his mother and the doctor. The doctor came and set the limb, and his mother came to nurse him,—but finding her own comforts restricted in the curate's abode, she soon left him to recover without her attendance. She acted advisedly; Francis George could not have been in better hands.

Mr. Proby was a plain, steady-going, worthy clergyman, and his wife was an excellent woman; a woman of talent and education, of enthusiasm and genuine warm-heartedness. Curate-like, Mr. Proby had a house full of children; hearty, noisy, generous, mischievous boys, and laughter-loving, pretty girls. All the family were good-looking, but Katie was a real beauty, a copy of her mother; nearly, if not quite, as handsome as her mother had been at the same age. There was no nonsense about Katie; no silly affectation of boyishness, no still sillier affectation of premature womanishness. She was a thorough girl, tall, slight, agile—as swift a runner, and as good a climber, skipper, and general playfellow as brothers could wish for; and yet she was an adept at her needle, a good nurse, a clever little scholar, and a most sunshiny companion to everybody. A great part of the attendance upon Francis George fell to her share, and she did it with a cheerful alacrity and kindness all her own.

There was not much about the young gentleman to attract liking; he did not become a favorite in the family by any means; the smaller Proby children disliked him, in fact; and even their mother, kind as she was, found him too exacting and imperious an inmate to be civil to longer than necessary: so, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to return home, he was not pressed to stay longer. Every one took leave of him rather gladly than otherwise—Katie included.

Going back to Hardington was a return to polar regions. Francis George missed something. He missed the atmosphere of warm affection that surrounded the curate's hearth, and made his family as one; he missed the cheerful voices and laughter, and, above all, he missed Katie's smile and good-humored attentions. His mother was like a machine, after those impulsive Probys. Francis George tried to thaw her by telling her stories of the ways and customs of the curate's house, but he might as easily have hoped to thaw the old stone griffins at Hardington gate by breathing on them, as to thaw her by any such process. She became by and by quite impatient of any allusion to his friends, and told him that his gratitude was absurdly overstretched.

Yes: Francis George had a fund of obstinate, pertinacious, unforgetting gratitude in his disposition, which this lucky accident developed. It was the nearest approach to any decided virtue that he had yet displayed. His father and mother had insisted on compensating Mrs. Proby for the trouble and expense of their son's recovery, but Francis George could not be persuaded to look upon it as a cancelling of his debt. He turned his pony's head toward Grenside nearly every day, and inquired after the health of the Probys, as if, instead of being a hardy race, they were a family of chronic invalids. Katie used to go out to the gate laughing, to answer his questions and receive his messages; and one day, with a fiery blush on his face and a nervous stammer in his voice, he told her he had brought her a little present.

"You must not let my mother know, but I spent all my quarter over it," said he, in a hurried whisper, trying to put a morocco case into her hands; but Katie, clasping those little members behind her back, shook her head in a resolute way, and said she must not accept presents from him; papa would not like it; especially if Mrs. Percival Monke did not know.

"Oh! but do, Katie! I should never have bought it but for you—it is a watch and chain!" persisted he, with anxious earnestness. In the first place, it had cost him an immense effort of self-denial to make the purchase at all; and in the second, he had been full a month in raising up his courage to offer it—it was cruel indeed to reject it, and his "do, Katie!" was most pathetic.

"No, no, no!" she replied; "you ought not to have spent your money in such a foolish way."

"It is not foolish. Look here, Katie! I like you better than anybody in the world, except my mother: that I do! You're so good!"

Katie ran away laughing, with her hands over her ears: the more he called to her to stop the more she would not.

"Katie, if you won't have it, I'll throw it into the mill-dyke!" he cried, at last; and as she still paid no heed, he turned sound towards home, and was as good or as bad as his word.

For more than a week after this rebuff he did not appear at Grenside at all. He was apparently offended by Katie's very proper refusal of his gift. She had told her mother the whole story—the threat about the mill dyke included—but neither believed he would be so wild as to put it in execution; so that, when one of the Proby boys came home exultant, with the morocco case in his hand, proclaiming that he had found it among the long reeds on the bank, they were unfeignedly surprised.—They had not given Francis George credit for so much spirit, and both of them liked him the better for this foolish, extravagant flight.—Katie, by her father's orders, even wrote him a kind little letter, when the watch was sent back to him.

The next day he came to see them again, making no allusion either to the watch or to his long absence, and then regularly resumed his calls with active constancy. The Probys, one and all, were very kind to him—but, oh! what foolish speeches he used to make about his property, his dignity and himself! How he did bore poor Katie and her mother over their work table, when he tangled every reel, and disordered every box and basket that came within his reach. He had a stupid tutor at home, who taught him a little Latin and Greek; but left him as ignorant of common-place, useful knowledge as a Fejee Islander.—If you had asked him where America was, whether it was land or water or cream-cheese, he could not have told you.

He had a complacent, good-humored self-conceit, that cushioned him softly against contempt and pity. Glorified as he was at home, how could he suspect that he was laughed at abroad?—that even Katie Proby laughed at him, though she pitied him, and rather liked his stupid kindliness of temper.

It was an awful shock to the heir of Hardington when, a long time after, he offered his hand, his heart, and his futurity to the poor curate's daughter, and was refused. He was in real, hard earnest, poor long-limbed, feeble-minded fellow! and when Katie blushed rather angrily and said "No," in a curt, unmistakable tone, the tears fairly came into his eyes.

"I thought you liked me, Katie—haven't I been coming here for years? You don't know—I can't tell you—how fond I am of you! I'd do anything for you, Katie, that I would!—My mother knows I would," spluttered he, with frightful energy.

"I'm so sorry, Francis George, I am so very sorry," replied Katie, a little frightened and subdued.

"It is of no use to be sorry; if you don't like me you can't help it, and I don't care what becomes of me if you don't. But it is too bad! I could not have believed it!"

This anti-climax to his emotion almost made Katie smile; but checking the impulse, she pretended to hear her mother calling to her, and left her discomfited suitor alone.

Francis George Percival Monke was only nineteen when he thus exhibited himself, and had never left his mother's apron-strings for a single day.

IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley Monke continued to reside abroad, in more or less discomfort, until their daughter was of an age to be introduced into society, and then they brought her home to England, and, at her aunt's invitation, to Hardington. The two sisters had made a compact for the re union of their family property by marrying their children; and each was formally told of this compact before they met. Francis George received the announcement in solemn silence, and Flora received it with an expressive giggle and a hope that her cousin was handsome and lively, and not mopish, like so many of the English gentlemen she had seen abroad.

Flora Monke had no hereditary right to be pretty, but she was pretty—even beautiful; and her foreign manners and graces had the air of making her still prettier than she was. Her aunt received her with surly approbation, and Francis George with a stolid composure which did not promise any keen susceptibility to her charms. She was piqued, and told her mother he was an idiot.

If Flora expected to be courted and flattered and worshipped by her cousin, she must have been disappointed, for he kept as much out of her way as ever he could, and never said a civil thing to her: a peculiarity for which his mother took him to task one morning, when they were alone. She still treated her son as authoritatively as when he was a boy in tunics.

"Francis George, you are a dull wooer," she said, with slow sarcasm, "Flora cannot be very proud of you."

"I don't like Flora" replied Francis George, gravely.

"But you must learn to like her, since she is to be your wife—"

"Mother, if Flora Monke was the only woman left in the world, I would not marry her. I don't like her."

Mrs. Percival Monke grew red all over her dull gray face. This was the first word of rebellion and contradiction she had ever heard from her son since he was born; and if he had struck her she could not have looked more indignant or surprised.

"Francis George Percival Monke!" she cried, with strangled, choking dignity, "do you know who I am and who you are?"

The young man quaked visibly at her awful voice, but the stolid resolution of his visage did not relax a muscle. He was to the full as obstinate as his mother, and when they clashed on a subject, when each was equally determined, then began the tug of war.

"Yes, mother; I am heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington," said he, in that formula which had been dinned into his ears so long. It made his mother laugh; for at this moment it sounded ridiculous enough.

"Deplume you of those distinctions, sir, and do you know what you are then?" said she, bitterly.

"My father says I am a fool," replied Francis George; "other people are of a like opinion—"

"Not such a fool as they take you to be," said his mother. "You have as much sense as nine men in ten, if you will use it, and you must use it now in overcoming your absurd aversion to your cousin Flora. I say you shall marry her, and soon, too!"

"And I say I will not! I am almost of age, and I shall be my own master in that matter at least."

The young man spoke quietly but firmly.—His mother, looking up at his face, felt the reins of authority slipping from her grasp. Her weak, awkward, foolish boy was, as it were, become a man by magic. There he stood before her, six feet two; lean but sinewy, a face far from vacuous: expressive, indeed, of a brute courage and obstinacy which, being provoked, would never slumber again. But for his foolish training, he would have been a fine young man; as it was, he had not active mind enough to inform that mass of matter. The old habit of love and fear of his mother was strong upon him yet: she saw it, and hoped to triumph still.

"You ought to be glad that Flora will have you," she said, "and you ought to have a pleasure in re-uniting our dissevered property. If you do not marry Flora, you may be your own master, but you shall not be master of anything else while I live, and when I die you shall have nothing but the bare estate; that I promise you."

"I don't care for Hardington. I don't see any good it has ever done either you or my father or me. I think it is a miserable place," replied Francis George, in perfect good faith.

His mother's eyes fixed him as if she thought him a maniac in a dangerous mood.

"Will you be pleased to explain yourself, if you are not raving, which I sadly suspect," said she, fiercely

"Why, mother, what good has it done us or anybody?" persisted the heir. "My father is always away in London, and hates it. You sit at work all day as hard as if you worked for bread, and nobody comes near you; and because of it you would make me marry a girl I don't love. Then there's the village. Such dirty old houses and people, and no schools.—If we were paupers instead of people of ten thousand a-year, we could not have a greater heap of misery outside the gates than we have.—What is the good of the Hardington money if we don't spend it? I say again, I don't care for Hardington. Mr. Proby's sons are better off than I am; because they have been well brought up, and they have got professions.—When I am among fellows of my age I feel like a fool, and I am a fool."

"That is a fact beyond doubt," replied his mother, drily. "But don't waste any more breath over decrying Hardington—you shall leave it—you shall have a profession. Yes—yes!—you shall be an idle gentleman no longer!"

There was a disagreeable tone in this threat which made Francis George turn hot and cold all over. It was a rather critical act of his, snapping of the leading-strings in which he had walked so long and humbly. He felt vexed, too, in a stupid sort of way, at having vexed his mother, and was just on the point of making some concession, when Flora came into the room—Flora in a gay muslin dress and most coquettish hat; a maiden to attract a man's fancy, most people would have thought, but, as it seemed, not the star that could attract his.

"Flora, our young gentleman takes umbrage at the gifts of fortune, and despises them—heroic, is he not?" said Mrs. Percival Monke.

Flora gazed from one to the other with a puzzled air, and asked what was the matter? Francis George went out and left his mother to explain as little or as much as she thought desirable. The consequence of her explanation was, that the Hardington Monkes and the Frogholmes Monkes separated coldly the next day, and Flora went to prosecute her first campaign in town. Francis George did not care where she went, so long as he was no more troubled with her airs and graces.

V.

The lawyer who managed the business affairs of the Monkes was Mr. Leatherhead; a dry, clever, craft-ingrained old fellow, who greatly admired the elder of the co-heiresses' style of saving and managing her property. He said she had a brain as acute and as hard as most men, and it was a pity her son was so little like her. He thought he knew her pretty well, but even he, for a man of varied experience, was extremely astonished when he received from her the following letter:

HARDINGTON, June 7th, 182-.

SIR,—I am sure you will lend me your valuable assistance in a project for my son which I have much at heart. He is bitten by some of these radical views for the regeneration of the poor which are subverting society in every quarter, and I think a year's confinement in your office may tend more towards his cure than all the reasoning in the world. Make him work as your lowest clerk, and show him no respect or distinction, as that would defeat my views. He shall have no further allowance from me than a clerk's salary at a low rate, and I intend that he should live upon it. The harder he fares, the more likely is he to become sensible of his folly in adopting the philanthropic crotchets of the age. Until he gives them up I quite renounce him. He will be in town, and at your office, on Thursday next.

Yours, &c., CECILY P. MONKE.

"Ah! ah!" commented the shrewd old lawyer; "Miss Cecily's plan for uniting Hardington and Frogholmes has gone off—that's the true interpretation of this document. What tyrants women are! Well! I suppose I must try to humor both."

Thus it was that Francis George Percival Monke, heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington, became a lawyer's clerk. His mother thought he would soon sicken of London lodgings and Mr. Leatherhead's sedentary work; but, contrary to her expectations, and even to her hopes, he accommodated himself to his new position with cheerfulness and alacrity. He made a friend among his fellow clerks in the person of young Willie Proby, and the pair took rooms in the same house, and lived together like brothers.

"Francis George is no fool!" said old Leatherhead to himself. "He is a better fellow, and a more sensible fellow than any of us thought. It is that silly mother of his who has had her own ends to serve by keeping him in the background."

Yes. Francis George began to develope a plain, useful kind of ability; he had no genius, but he had concentrativeness, and a very straightforward honesty of purpose. He had grown painfully sensible of his deficiencies, and it was almost laughable to see with what diligence he strove to repair them in his leisure evenings. The manuals of popular information that he read, the lists of sober facts that he committed to memory, the instructive lectures that he attended, are beyond the calculation of his biographer. Odds and ends of his undigested miscellaneous knowledge were continually bursting from him, like scraps from an over full rag-bag, to the sly and secret amusement of his companions. Not one of them cared to laugh at him outright; for his good temper made him liked, and his romantic circumstances made him admired. Who does not, voluntarily or involuntarily, conceive a respect for the heir to ten thousand a-year?

For six months he remained in the lawyer's office, greatly improving both in mind and manner, as the conceit of himself was rubbed out of him by intimate contact with other young fellows wiser and cleverer than he. Then the question was proposed to him, whether he was willing to accede to his mother's wishes, and return home. But Francis George had not tasted the sweets of liberty in vain; he wrote an affectionately respectful letter to his mother, telling her he preferred to remain in London—in which decision his father secretly upheld him. Mrs. Percival Monke now began to lament her hasty banishment of her son, and would have been glad to recall him on almost any terms; but she was much too tenacious of her maternal authority to stoop to him and say so, therefore the breach between them widened. The sudden marriage of Flora Monke with a penniless ensign, utterly overthrowing her design for the reunion of Hardington and Frogholmes, exasperated her still more against her son; and in the first bitterness of her disappointment, she indited to him the following letter:—

HARDINGTON, March 12, 182-.

FRANCIS GEORGE,—You must have heard of your cousin Flora's elopement with Frederick Steele; thus you are answerable for her ruin as well as your own. I throw you off entirely now. You have acted the part of an undutiful and ungrateful son. You have taken from me the sole object for which I lived. Hardington and Frogholmes can never again be one; and you, cruel, indifferent, wicked, unworthy boy, are the sole cause. You need not trouble yourself to send me any more of your ill-spelt protestations of affection; I believe in deeds, not in words. From this day forth your existence is nothing to me. You must have Hardington when I die; but while I live, not a single sixpence shall you have. You may live where and how you can; and the worst wish I wish you is, that if you live to have children of your own, they may wring your dearest feelings as cruelly as you have wrung mine. And so, I remain,

Your injured and aggrieved mother,
CECILY PERCIVAL MONKE.

Francis George showed the letter to his father; who only shrugged his shoulders, and wished his wife would give him his full discharge from Hardington also, though without curtailing his supplies; but the young man dutifully endeavored to soften her feelings towards him, and his failure was not chargeable on him.

"Woman's a riddle, indeed!" cried old Leatherhead, when his client wrote to him that she should henceforward stop her son's allowance, and that he must maintain himself independently of her. "Woman's not always a pleasant riddle either!"

Francis George would have had no difficulty in raising money on his expectations had he been so disposed; but, as old Leatherhead advised him not, and gave him a reasonably liberal salary, he resigned himself without difficulty to his fate; resigned himself all the more readily, because Mr. Proby had got a living a few miles from town, and had brought his family to reside there. Willie went down every Saturday and stayed until Monday, and Francis George always made him discourse about his father and mother, his sisters and brothers, when he came back, until Willie was tired of the subject.

"Come down, and see them yourself. I'm sure you will be welcome," Willie suggested, one day; and without any more formal invitation, Francis George went.

VI.

Willingham Parsonage was a pretty spot, quite rural, though almost within sight of London smoke, and the young Probys flourished there quite as well as they had ever done in the wilds of Yorkshire—almost better. Katie happened to be in the garden cutting flowers for the drawing-room vases, when her brother and Francis George arrived. She colored up as beautifully as the roses in her hand when her former lover bowed low before her, and immediately proposed to go and seek her mother; as no one gainsaid her, away she flew. Mrs. Proby was sitting in her work-room when her daughter ran in, laughing but confused, with mischievous eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Mamma, guess whom Willie has brought home! I was never so startled in my life," she cried, out of breath; "and I never saw anybody so changed in a couple of years before!"

Mamma lowered her spectacles and looked out of the window, where she saw her son and his companion walking.

"Is it Francis George Percival Monke, Katie!" she asked, puzzled.

"Yes, mamma, and so altered. Don't you remember how foolish he was, and how we used to laugh at him!"

"Hush, my dear, the window is open, and he may hear you. I must go down and receive him; but Willie should have let us know. The best room must be got ready for him, I suppose;" and Mrs. Proby laid aside spectacles and thimble, and went down stairs to welcome her son's friend.

When Katie followed her, about ten minutes after, it was in as sedate and composed a manner as she was capable of assuming on short notice; but she could not prevent a bright and rosy maidenly consciousness flickering in eye and cheek as she faced Francis George. He blushed, too, and stammered a little when he began to speak, exactly in his old way; which put her at her ease more than anything else could have done. He was very anxious to appear to his best advantage before her, and to impress her with a worthier opinion of his sense than she used to have. He began to epitomise a very solid lecture that he had heard a few evenings before. He ought to have understood the smile that curled about her pretty mouth better than he did. Sharp-witted Katie understood him well enough, and kind-hearted Katie did not fail to encourage him to shine to the utmost; but she thought his subject rather of the gravest to introduce five minutes after they met.

"You are becoming quite a scientific character, Francis George," was Papa Proby's observation at dinner, when the young gentleman had made what he thought a very impressive display of his learning. "It is really creditable to you to have acquired so much solid information."

Francis George felt so pleased, and glanced at Katie to see if he had elicited her approbation also. Katie smiled to conceal her temptation to laugh, and he was delighted. Most fluent did he become on every subject of interest in which he was sufficiently well up to speak correctly. Pictures, books of travels and biography, of poetry and romance, took their turn, until, if there was a doubt about what he knew, it was a doubt whether he did not know too much. Katie would have been glad to hear him discourse on everyday matters, but Francis George, with an old reputation to destroy and a new one to create, was not to be beguiled into trivialities. When he left Willingham early on Monday morning with Willie Proby, he left it in the pleasing consciousness that he had inspired everybody with respect for his learning.

"A well-informed young man," Mrs. Proby gravely admitted him to be.

"Not so dull as he was, either," said Katie.

"Out of evil good has come," observed the clergyman. "His banishment from Hardington turns out to be very beneficial."

"But it is a great shame, papa!" cried Mistress Katie, firing up and looking very pretty; "a great shame that his mother should have quarrelled with him because he would not marry Flora Monke; it would have been strange if he had liked her, I think, such a sarcastic girl as she was, and a flirt besides!"

Papa Proby lifted his eyebrows, a little amazed, at his daughter's decision of speech; and Katie, conscious that she had spoken rather harshly, blushed and became silent.

Francis George became a constant visitor at Willingham after this, and strove laboriously to win golden opinions from all the family. If his heavy talk bored them a little sometimes, they tried to forgive it; and by-and-by, Katie could have offered evidence that he was capable of more interesting discourse when he had her ear alone. In the garden, for instance, up and down the pear-tree walk, does anybody think that while Francis George was speaking with so much whispered earnestness to Katie's curls, that he was holding forth on interesting geological speculations? Would anobody credit that while Katie contemplated her shoe toe so steadily, when they paused under the old yews, that she was meditating on the revolutions of heavenly bodies? Or does anybody imagine for a moment that when they sat so long in the little summer-house, they were trying to square the circle, or discuss the secret of perpetual motion? If anybody does, anybody is much mistaken.

"I think, mamma, I should be very happy with him," said Mistress Katie, one day at her mother's knee. There had been an interview in Papa Proby's study, and much talk, even more serious than scientific talk, and the daughter was making her confession. "I think, mamma, I should be very happy with him. I am sure he is very fond of me. He is a good, faithful fellow, mamma, or he would never have sought me out again, when he knows how I used to make fun of him—would he?"

Mamma dare not undertake to say. "Katie must judge for herself," she added; "Katie was most capable of judging."

"But you think him good, mamma. You think his principles and temper are trustworthy?"

"Yes, love, papa and I are quite satisfied on that head."

"Then, mamma, dear, why are you so cold and doubtful about us?"

"Because, Katie, Hardington is in the way—his mother is in the way. Remember our difference of position."

"I wish he were never to be anything more than a lawyer's clerk," sighed Katie, getting off her knees and gliding to the window. Francis George was impatiently pacing the lawn, waiting for her reappearance, and in a minute or two Mrs. Proby was alone.

VII.

Francis George Percival Monke wrote to his mother, announcing his engagement to Katie Proby, and asking her consent to their marriage. No answer was returned. He wrote to her again. Mr. Proby wrote. Mrs. Proby wrote. Katie wrote. No answer. Francis George then addressed his father, and the now servile old gentleman wrote to him, that he was free to please himself. His mother was perfectly indifferent to all his proceedings. If he wanted to know whether she would do anything for him—her answer to that was—No.

So Francis George Percival Monke, heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington, married Katie Proby, and took her home to a little six-roomed suburban villa, and went on toiling as a lawyer's clerk. Went on toiling through the best years of his life. Went on toiling until four children had been born to him in the little six-roomed house. Went on toiling until the present life, in its affectionate simplicity had quite obliterated the hard lines of the former coldly ostentatious life; went on "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," until he had neither hope nor anticipation in the magnificent future, which must come to him in the common course of nature.

There is plenty of space for happiness in a six-roomed suburban villa, with a garden of ten feet square—at least so the life of Francis George Percival Monke and Katie, his wife, testified. They had one care, and that was to give to their sons and daughters such an education as would pass them forward in the world easily; this care was their only one. And they had one sorrow—Katie's first-born died, and was laid to rest in Willingham churchyard.

But whatever their cares, whatever their sorrows, whatever their joys, they were all mutual, and served but to draw closer together the links of affection and friendship that united the husband and wife. Neither ever regretted for a moment, any sacrifice that had to be made for the other's sake.

VIII.

It is more than twenty years since the heir of Hardington and Katie were married. He has come to his kingdom at last, ripe in age, ripe in experience, and indifferent except to the best uses of his wealth, because he has learnt how little its superfluities can influence our actual happiness in life.

His mother said, before she died, that she forgave him (forgave him what?) and sent for him to receive her blessing. Her son, who retained always his awe and respect for her, fancies himself the better for it—perhaps he is the better for it—I would not like to think that any kin of mine could carry an enmity against me into the other world. Whatever our wrongs, whatever our grievances, surely we can afford to lay them down with every other burden of life when we come to the grave side!

There is a different rule in Hardington now from that which prevailed there once. Nowhere has the benefits of these times made itself more felt than there.

No! ALL is mine eternally
That I have ever in my life possessed.
How can I ever count that lost to me,
Which with eternal sorrow feeds my breast?
—*From the German.*

☞ A great, a good, and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince; it came from Heaven, and to Heaven it must return: and it is a kind of heavenly felicity, which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree, even upon earth.—*Seneca.*

I DREAMED I was a bird, both gay and free,
Then came a fowler, with a mind to shoot me;
And then I saw that a bird's liberty
Was not exactly of a kind to suit me.
—*From the German.*

☞ An ignorant minister having remarked in the presence of Dr. South, that the "Lord had no need of man's learning," that witty divine replied, "still less has he need of man's ignorance."

☞ How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar and the tomb. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange-flowers are a bridal-crown with us—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.—*Mrs. Child.*

☞ We should make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Colton.*

☞ When our hatred is violent, we sink beneath the level of those we hate.—*Rochefoucald.*

☞ "In Cork," says O'Connell, "I remember a supernumerary crier, who had been put in the place of an invalid, trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, with a stentorian voice—'All you blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the presence of the court entirely, or I'll make ye, by the powers.'"

Who comes towards God an inch through doubtings dim,
In blazing light He will approach a yard towards him
—*From the Oriental.*

☞ I am persuaded that my death, which is now just coming, will conduct me into the presence of the gods, who are the most righteous governors, and into the society of just and good men; and I derive confidence from the hope that something of man remains after death, and that the condition of good men will then be much better than that of the bad.—*Socrates.*

☞ Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.—*Addison.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

AN ABSURD RUMOR—THE TIMES ON MEXICO.

The Canada brings Liverpool dates to the 6th. The news is unimportant, if we except an absurd rumor of a change in the English Ministry, taken from the London Morning Advertiser, the organ of the tavern-keepers. The rumor is that Lord Derby contemplates retiring, and that Lord John Russell is to succeed him as Premier, with Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham as prominent members of the Cabinet. It is further stated that this new combination will have the support of Mr. Bright and his party.

The U. S. steam frigate Niagara, with her cargo of rescued Africans, for Africa, had reached St. Vincent's. Sixty of the negroes had died on the passage.

The London Times, speaking of the wretched condition of Mexico, says that there is no reason why England should oppose the ambitious designs of the Government at Washington. It considers that the establishment of any government of law and order in Mexico would be a gain. It also ridicules the Spanish expedition as farcical, and contends that every gun fired on Mexican territory is fired to the ultimate profit of the great Anglo-Saxon Northern Confederacy.

Mr. Gladstone is about to proceed to the Ionian Islands as Lord High Commissioner to regulate the British Protectorate.

At the Reform Conference, held on the 5th inst., a resolution was adopted requesting Mr. Bright to frame and bring into Parliament a Reform Bill. He has accepted the duty.

The Bank of England rates of discount were unchanged. An active drain of gold for the Continent still continues. Loans and government stock were in eager demand at 2¾a3 per cent. There was also an increased movement in the discount market, and the rates exhibited an upward tendency.

The mines in the Provinces of San Luis, Buenos Ayres, are said to be of singular richness.

FRANCE.—It is authoritatively stated that the Emperor is taking steps for laying up stores of corn in every large town during the plentiful seasons, to provide against scarcity.

SPAIN.—The government has carried nearly all the elections in the Provinces, but the Progressistos triumphed in Madrid. Their leader was returned by six constituencies.

Spanish troops had sailed from Malaga to cooperate with the French in China.

PORTUGAL.—The London Post's Paris correspondent says that the Portuguese Government contemplates making an address to the great Powers, complaining that France refused mediation in the affair of the Charles et Georges.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Rio Janeiro dates to the 10th of October had been received at London. Coffee was scarce and had advanced 100 reis, and closed with an upward tendency.

The Paraguayans are placing obstructions in the lower part of their river, to prevent the ingress of Americans, who are promised a warm reception.

THE MARKETS, Nov. 5th.—Cotton had fallen ⅛d through the week. The Manchester advices continue unfavorable, although more business had been done at the decline in prices.

Breadstuffs and Provisions exhibit a declining tendency. Wheat and Corn dull and declining. Beef, Pork and Bacon heavy. Sugar heavy, Rice quiet, Coffee firm. Rosin steady, Turpentine dull.

☞ If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.—*Fuller.*

☞ TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—One of our exchanges says "the *wife* crop of Gasconade County, Missouri, this year, is estimated at 25,000 gails." The wine crop was referred to, but 25,000 gals will make a good crop of wives notwithstanding. The Hartford Times, noticing the death of an editor, says, "he was a high-*minded* gentleman, and pungent writer." Perhaps he was a stump speaker of the high-winded school of oratory. An editor says, "we have *met* the enemy, and we are theirs!" Types play sad pranks.

How much they err, who to their interest blind,
Slight the calm peace with which retirement flows!
And while they think their fleeting joys to bind,
Banish the tranquil bliss which Heaven for man designed! —*Mrs. Tighe.*

☞ "You appear to have a fine assortment of musical instruments for sale," said Quiz, addressing a musical dealer.

"Yes,—first rate—all new—*can't be beat*," was the response.

"If that's so," said Quiz, "I must look elsewhere."

"Why?" asks the amazed dealer.

"Because," replies Quiz, "*I want a drum!*"

☞ Passions, like seas, will have their ebbs and flows.—*Lee.*

☞ Resolutions taken without thought bring disasters without remedy.—*Basil.*

☞ The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—*Cicero.*

☞ An attorney before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench, with great gravity, "That he had two witnesses in court, in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth; for he had had no opportunity to communicate with them!"

Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!
—*George Shirley: 16th century.*

☞ Show me the man who would go to Heaven alone if he could, and in that man I will show you one that will never be admitted into Heaven.—*Archbishop Feltham.*

☞ A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near forty." Scarron, who was present, and knew her age, said, "Do not fret about it, madam, for you will get farther and farther from that frightful epoch every day."

☞ What has she to fear who stamps with reverence and honor every sentiment she inspires? Is there a man on earth base enough to offer the least insult to such virtue?—*Rousseau.*

☞ A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to *it* so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast!—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time;
The sun will never fail.
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be. —*Hood.*

☞ It is not enough to believe what you maintain—you must maintain what you believe, and maintain it because you believe it.—*Archbishop Whateley.*

☞ A sea-sick passenger on board one of the steamers from the Channel Islands, says: "The Frenchman's story seems to me expressive. One morning, the cabin boy came for his boots. 'Boots!' feebly sounded from the berth. 'Ah, sare, you may take zem; I sall vant sem nairy more.'"

SAYS Tom to Bill, "Pray, tell me, sir,
Why is it that the devil,
In spite of all his naughty ways,
Can never be unsevil?"

Says Bill to Tom, "The answer's plain
To any mind that's bright,
Because the imp of darkness, sir,
Can ne'er be imp o' *light*."

☞ An Irish gentleman at Doncaster observing in the list of horses one called Botherem, took such a fancy to the name that he betted considerable odds in his favor. Toward the conclusion of the race, his favorite was in the rear; but not at all put out, he vociferated so as to drown every other voice: "Botherem forever! See how he drives them all before him!"

LULL'D in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
—*Rogers.*

☞ The ground of almost all our false reasoning is, that we seldom look any further than on one side of the question.

A MAMMOTH WORK—ARTIFICIAL LAKE IN VIRGINIA.—Mr. Ellett, the engineer, is engaged in a grand scheme for improving the navigation of the Kanawha River, by forming a vast reservoir, or mountain lake, to feed that stream during low water. A correspondent of the Lewisburg (Va.) Era gives the following information relative to the contemplated improvement:

The object is to form an inland lake or reservoir of water, to keep up the navigation of the Kanawha River. The reservoir, which we are now surveying, will be made by making a dam between the mountains, across Big Sewell Creek. The dam is to be 945 feet long, 60 feet high, 400 feet thick at the base, and 45 feet at the top. At either side of the dam will be made immense sluices, to carry the water away which would naturally flow over the dam when it gets full. The sluices are to be made of masonry, of the most substantial kind. The water is to be kept in this lake until it is needed in the Kanawha, when it is to be let off as it is needed to keep up the navigation of the river. The means of letting it off will be by means of locks. You can form some idea of the amount of water it will hold when I tell you it is to be 25 miles long, and from 1,000 feet to 1½ miles wide. There is an immense amount of speculation about this great work—the probable cost, &c. Mr. Taylor says the dam will cost above $200,000. The cost of the land will be the greatest drawback on the enterprise. It will cover about 50,000 acres of land, besides 50,000 acres more which will have to be paid for by the Company, because it will be no account to the owners, being all mountain land and remnants of farms. I suppose $1,500,000 will not buy the land and pay the damages. What time it will take this reservoir to fill, will, I suppose, depend on circumstances. There are eight creeks flowing into it. The object is, after the lake gets full of water, to cut through the dividing ridge between the lake and Greenbrier River, and make a canal through the cut. Mr. Ellett is making other surveys on New River, and Gauley River.

ELECTRICAL CURRENTS PRODUCED BY THE FLOW OF WATER.—The advance of electrical science every day brings to light startling facts connected with submarine telegraphs, of which no one previously had the least idea. Thus, within the last few days, some important discoveries have been made in connection with submarine cables, by Mr. Charlton Wollaston, of Derby, who has elucidated the fact that currents of water passing across submarine cables, produce in them induced electrical currents.—To put this theory to a practical test, Mr. Wollaston a day or two ago immersed a considerable length of an insulated conductor in the Thames, opposite East Greenwich. As the tide rose, a very considerable current of electricity was observed flowing through the wire in a direction contrary to that of the tide, which increased in force as the motion of the water became more rapid, and again declined at high water, ceasing altogether just before the ebb. When the tide fell, the current again manifested itself in the wire, but its direction was changed.

The varying and irregular currents which are observed upon the galvanometer at both ends of the Atlantic cable have been attributed to the inductive influence of natural impulses of electricity, which are continually traversing the surface of the earth. Since that discovery of Mr. Wollaston's, however, it is quite evident that they may partly, if not entirely, be due to the effect of the ocean currents. It is known that a very rapid tide flows in and out of the estuary of Dingle Bay, across which the cable is laid, and it would, therefore, be very easy to put the matter to practical test by noticing the force and direction of the supposed "earth" currents at the rise, fall, and turn of the tide.

A MAN CARRIED AWAY BY A KITE.—A young man named Power, residing at Castlecomer, went a few evenings ago to fly what he called a Spanish kite, of very large dimensions. Having adjusted the cord and tail, it rapidly ascended with a brisk breeze until it had taken the full length of the cord which became entangled round Power's hand. The wind increasing, he was drawn a distance of nearly half a mile in the greatest agony, the cord cutting into the bone. The Rev. Mr. Penrose, the Protestant curate of the parish, seeing the man running at one time raised off the ground for a distance of some perches, and again running along at full speed, perceived that he was dragged by the kite, and followed him as fast as he could; but being unable to come up with him, he shouted at the top of his voice to "Let go—there was a man killed in a thunderstorm by the lightning of a kite." When Power heard these words, he shouted with redoubled vigor, but could not extricate himself until, after the distance mentioned, he was stopped by a high stone wall, the top of which being caped, cut the cord, and set at liberty the kite and its owner, who was almost lifeless with fatigue and fright.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

CRUEL EXPOSURE.—It is well known that the New York Herald expresses opinions on both sides of any public question, so that whichever way the point may be decided, it can refer to its files and proclaim—"We told you so." On the first of November it had an article on the Nicaraguan Entanglement, which strongly opposed what is termed the "Anglo French Alliance." Two days afterwards, viz., November 3d, it took the opposite view of the question, and on Wednesday favored what it had condemned on Monday. The Albion cruelly parades these opposite opinions in parallel columns, over which it places the showman's famous motto—"*You pays your money, and you takes your choice.*"

RED HAIR.—The Moors have a strong partiality for red hair, and it is said, envy the Saxon, when they hear them called the red-haired nation. The Moorish and Arab women often used red dye, and bind up their hair with red tape.

NEWS ITEMS.

NO MORE SECOND CLASS CARS.—It is stated that all the railroad companies between New York and Chicago, have discontinued the running of second-class cars. The emigrant trains will do the second-class business, and the fare on the latter has been raised from five to seven dollars between Buffalo and Chicago. The first-class fare is fifteen dollars from Buffalo or Suspension Bridge to Chicago.

MR. CYRUS W. FIELD has sent a printed circular to his customers, announcing it to be his purpose for the future to devote his personal attention exclusively to his regular business of manufacturing and selling paper.

DEERS' horns are said to be in great demand just now, for halls, where they serve as hat-hooks.

SENATOR BRODERICK, of California, has arrived. He left Salt Lake on October 1st. The stage encountered a good deal of snow, and the weather was very cold on the mountains. By the upsetting of the stage when some distance west of Kansas City, Mr. Broderick had a rib broken, and he was otherwise severely bruised. He also had a foot frozen while on the mountains.

ANOTHER DECISION ON A COUNTY BOND CASE.—In the U. S. District Court, at Pittsburg, a verdict has been obtained against the county of Washington, establishing the liability of that county for certain bonds issued in payment of a subscription to the Hempfield Railroad. Judge Greer, in his charge to the jury, said the law authorising municipal subscriptions was constitutional—it had so been declared by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and he must take their decision as law. In accordance with his instructions, the jury therefore found a verdict for the plaintiff. The amount of the suit being under $2,000 the case cannot be carried to the court in banc.

A GENTLEMAN named Fanshaw, residing in Saratoga county, New York, offered to allow one Sanderson to burn down his cow house, if Judge Parker failed to get 5,000 majority for Governor. Mr. Sanderson won the privilege of touching off the cow house; Mr. Sanderson touched off cow house, and cow house was burnt to the ground. In burning cow house, Mr. Sanderson also burnt two cows, worth $90. Fanshaw admits that his friend had a perfect right to burn the house, but not the cattle. For doing this latter, Fanshaw has commenced suit against Sanderson.

THE steam frigate Wabash was still at Constantinople at the last advices. The French and English Ministers had protested against the ship entering the Bosphorus, but the Sultan had received the officers with great kindness, and has visited the ship with Mehemet Ali, and many other distinguished persons. She was to leave for Rhodes, Joppa and Beyrout.

SEVERE COLD.—The snow which fell on Monday week, reached a sufficient depth in some of the Eastern States to afford good sleighing, while in others it brought along with it a large amount of cold. At White River Junction, Virginia, the thermometer stood at 9 degrees above zero. What will it be after winter commences?

A SHREWD OLD RAT.—An "old rat" in S. A. Morey's apothecary shop, Lee, Mass., had long defied all modern inventions for his capture. The clerk then baited him on dinners of butter crackers, which the rat relished exceedingly, but when at last a little strychnine was sprinkled on one side, the knowing varmint turned the cracker over, and scraped his meal off the other side.

CHERBOURG.—Captain Pim, who has paid great attention to the fortification of Cherbourg, states that the number of guns and mortars has been very much exaggerated. He enumerates the batteries, when fully equipped, at 314 guns and 32 mortars, in place of 3,000, as is the commonly received opinion.

A MINISTER SUES TO RECOVER $10,000.—Rev. Orrin B. Judd has brought an action in New York, against the Secretary of the American Bible Union, to recover $10,000, for damages to his fair name and reputation as a minister of the Gospel and a citizen, through an article published in the Louisville Journal by the defendant. The defendant denies the publication, also that Judd is a minister of the Gospel. Judd was employed for two years by the Bible Union in revising an English translation of the Scriptures.

NEW YORK.—The vote on the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution of New York, stands for 107,638; against 139,373; majority against 31,735.

The official vote of New York State, for Governor, stands thus:

Morgan, Rep.	247,628	Parker, Dem.	230,341
Barrows, Am.,	60,978	Gerrit Smith, Ab.,	5,033
Morgan over Parker,			17,487.

The aggregate vote is 544,780. Last year it was 439,789. Increase, 101,991, or nearly 20 per cent.

BLACK LEG.—This is a new name given to a new disease in cattle. It prevails extensively in western Pennsylvania. In many instances the cattle seem to be in a healthy condition in the morning, and before night are dead. On examination, the skin and flesh on the shoulders are black, almost putrid. No cause can be assigned for this disease—neither have any tried remedies affected a cure.

THE SPRINGFIELD (ILL.) SUGAR MILL.—The Illinois Farmer, referring to the sugar mill recently established near Springfield, in that State, says:—"It is now running day and night, giving employment to two sets of hands. It will turn out from 200 to 300 gallons of syrup per day, from the Sorghum cane. No attempts have yet been made to make sugar. The cane does not show as high a per cent. of saccharine as last year, when it reached ten per cent. Lots of ripe cane now average but seven per cent. The difference, no doubt, was caused by the peculiar character of the last season, the ground, during two thirds of it, being saturated with water.

A COLORED sailor who carries a slug in his brain, received in the course of an "altercation" in this city, has apparently recovered his health and gone to sea.

A LARGE number of counterfeit hundred guilder notes, on the National Bank of Austria, have been passed on the brokers of New York, and the imitation was so perfect that it was only known to be false upon some of the notes, sent to Europe for redemption, being returned as bogus. Several of the passers, foreigners, have been arrested.

THE Great Western Railway of Canada is about to place sleeping-cars on the line between Windsor and Niagara Falls. The berths are fitted with spring mattress and pillows, both covered with damask and quilts. Means for washing are also provided, and a servant will be in attendance to wait on the travellers, clean boots, &c. The charge for this accommodation will be half a dollar in addition to the ordinary fare, which no one will grudge who knows the misery of ordinary night travelling by railway. Each car can accommodate thirty-six persons.

DEATH OF AN INVENTOR.—Mr. Timothy D. Jackson, who was recently run over and killed on one of the horse railroads in New York City, was quite distinguished as an inventor. The celebrated hotel annunciator, the heavy ordnance by which the walls of the Malakoff and Redan were battered down, and a breach made for the French and English troops at the storming of Sebastopol, the Novelty Five Dollars Sewing Machine, and many other new and useful inventions were his. Like many other inventors he reaped but little pecuniary benefit from his inventions, and has left a wife and five children in destitute circumstances.

A HORRIBLE murder was committed a few days since, at Chicopee, Mass. The victim was a little girl, Augustine Lucas, only eight years old, who was decoyed from her home by a young Frenchman named Desmesteau, who outraged and then killed her by blows on the head, throwing the body into the river. The murderer is in jail.

LATE HOURS.—Young men who keep late hours, beware! George Keist, who returned home from a ball, at Cincinnati, about 3 A. M., and finding all the doors locked, climbed upon the portico to get in through a window. An effort had been made by burglars to enter the premises a few nights previous, and his father hearing the noise armed himself with a revolver, and as George reached the porch the old gentleman fired twice, and the youth fell, saying, "My God, I am shot!" The father ran up to the wounded burglar, as he supposed, and discovered, to his horror, that it was his own son. Fortunately for both, George was not hurt as badly as he thought, having received only a slight wound.

THE Boston Traveller learns that the heirs of the late Ebenezer Francis have presented Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, and Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston, each with a check of $5,000.

CHESTER SUGAR CANE.—A correspondent in East Brandywine informs me that there has been a considerable quantity of this article raised in Chester County this season. In some places there has been great difficulty in getting the cane ground. One man in East Brandywine had to bring his cane down to the vicinity of West Chester for that purpose. Another in an adjoining township hauled his cane around all day without success, and then fed it to his stock. At pleasant Garden Iron Works, in East Nottingham, they fixed up the rollers for that purpose, which pressed out a barrel of juice in about ten minutes.

ONE of the questions, it is said, which will come up for consideration in the next session of Congress, is the impeachment of Judge Watrous, U. S. District Judge, in Texas. An attempt to impeach him failed in Congress in 1852. At the late session another attempt was made, but the committee to whom the subject was referred was equally divided. Should the impeachment be directed, it will no doubt occupy the Senate, to the exclusion of other business, for a great portion of the season.

THE Irish Papers contain an account of the gigantic harvest home on the estate of Mr. Pollock, in the county of Galway. About 1,400 persons (only one-half of his servants) were liberally entertained in the Home Farm Steading, at Lismay. The roof covers nearly two acres of land, and the building was lighted with gas. The extent of this gentleman's operations may be judged by the fact that he has 1,800 acres in green crops, and 4,000 in grain, with about 4,000 head of cattle.

FORM OF THE EARTH.—The earth being round like a ball, it follows that, at a certain distance, even though our vision can reach much further, its form will prevent us from seeing objects even if its surface were perfectly smooth. It has been calculated that at six hundred yards an object one inch high cannot be seen in a straight line; at nine hundred yards, two inches; at fourteen hundred yards, five inches; at one mile, eight inches; three miles, six feet—so at that distance a man would be invisible. In levelling, it is usual to allow the tenth of an inch in every two hundred yards, or eight inches in a mile for convexity.

GOLD is the most valuable of the metals, and is extensively used in gilding. On account of its extreme malleability, however, it is comparatively cheap for this purpose, and being highly ornamental, has come into general use. An equestrian statue of the size of life may be gilded with gold, costing but about three dollars. The process of covering metals with gold is called water gilding. The surface of the metal is washed clean, and then rubbed with a solution of gold with mercury; it is then heated over a charcoal fire, which drives the mercury off, and leaves the gold adhering, which is then burnished. Gold leaf is used in other gilding. Book leaves are gilt by burnishing them while in the binder's press. The processes of gilding some of the metals, wood and wares, differ with the nature of the subjects.

OLE BULL is travelling in Norway. As he was lately walking quietly through the street of the small town of Drammen, smoking his cigar, he was suddenly accosted by a police officer, who led him off to the commissary of police, by whom he was sentenced to pay a fine for violating the police regulations, which forbid smoking in the streets. Unfortunately, Ole Bull had come out without putting his purse in his pocket; he was consequently sent to prison, and it was not until the next day, on ascertaining who he was, that the official sent an order for his release. The Norwegian journals have taken up the cause of the *artiste*, and at the present moment the cigar of Ole Bull has assumed the magnitude of a question of high importance.

A MAN'S FINGERS BLOWN INTO THE POCKET OF ANOTHER.—At New Village, in Warren county, Conn., on Friday last, during a celebration by the Republicans, nails, &c., were indiscriminately forced into a cannon, by the load of which Louis Selden, a young man of about twenty-three years, had his hand and arm so badly torn as to render amputation necessary. Some time afterwards several fingers of the injured man were found in the pocket of a bystander.

NATIONAL DEBTS.—The debt of Russia is said to amount to $352 800,000; that of France, $1,248,000,000; while that of England is $3,295,000,000.

HARD TO PLEASE.—The people in the valley of the Mississippi, are now as much troubled with low water, as they were with high water, six months ago. Freights are accumulating in all the towns on the banks of the river, and the New Orleans papers are crying out for the construction of railroads.

A FIFTEEN MILE FOOT RACE.—A foot race for a prize of $500, took place at the Franklin trotting course, North Chelsea, Mass., last Thursday. The distance to be run was fifteen miles, for which Louis Bennett, a Cattaraugus Indian, Albert Smith, of the Tonawanda tribe, and two white men, James Griffin of Boston, and the Reading (Mass.) champion started. One of the white men gave in on the first mile, and the other on the fifth, but the two Indians had a very sharp contest for the money, which was won by Bennett, who accomplished the fifteen miles in one hour, twenty-nine minutes, and fifty seconds.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND MAKING A SEMI-INDEPENDENT MONARCHY OF CUBA AND PORTO RICO.—WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The "States" learns from a friend, who is "almost direct from the Court of Madrid, and whose fine attainments and high social position enable him to approach the highest personages of the Spanish Court, that France has taken up the subject of Cuban independence, and, with England, is proposing to erect Cuba and Porto Rico into a semi-independent monarchy, on paying a *renta* from that Island. This *renta* is to represent the interest on a national debt to be assumed by the new monarchy, in consideration of her independence, the debt and *rents* to be assured by France and England as a bond for the non-annexation of Cuba to the United States."

The above reads like the biggest kind of a *canard*.

CUBA Sue to Will, midst matrimonial strife,
"Cursed be the hour I first became your wife."
"By all the powers (said Will) but that's too bad—
You're cursed the only civil hour we've had."

☞ A merchant, not remarkably conversant with geography, picked up a newspaper and sat down to read. He had not proceeded far before he came to a passage stating that one of his vessels was in jeopardy. "Jeopardy!—Jeopardy!—Jeopardy!" said the astonished merchant, who had previously heard that his vessel was lost: "let me see, that is somewhere in the Mediterranean. Well, I am glad she has got into port, as I thought it was all over with her."

A REMARKABLE SHIP.—Shipbuilders at East Boston have in course of construction in their yard a small steamer, which is to be propelled in a novel manner. She is built as an experiment, the inventor being furnished with the funds to construct her by some of the leading shipbuilders in this city. The hull is fifty-two feet long, and thirteen feet wide at the stern, and tapers gradually to the bows which are very sharp. She is five feet deep. On deck she will have a cabin nineteen feet long. She will be worked by an engine of twelve horse power, to which will be attached the propellers—one at the stern, three feet in diameter, to work in the water, and one at the stem, eight feet in diameter, to work in the *air*.

The air propeller is attached to a shaft which connects with the engine, and also with the water propeller at the stern. It is supported by a post at the stem. Both propellers will be worked by steam. The smoke-pipe will lay horizontally on the deck. The inventor is confident that by this arrangement he can easily get 25 to 30 miles an hour speed out of this craft. We understand that the invention has been tried on a small boat in our harbor and has worked admirably. The hull is completed and ready for the machinery, which is being made in Roxbury. It is expected that the vessel will be ready to make her trial trip by the middle of December.—*Boston Transcript.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 146—Adults 77, and children 68.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The only new feature to present in the Flour market this week is a more confident feeling on the part of holders, in consequence of the limited supplies coming forward. There has been very little export demand, and only 4000 bbls were disposed of at $5@5,12½ ₱ bbl for superfine; $5,25@5,50 for extra, and $5,75@6,50 for extra family, including 100 bbls middlings at $3,37½. The sales to the home trade have been to a fair extent within the range of these figures. Rye Flour is dull, and is again 12½c ₱ bbl lower. Small sales at $4. Corn Meal has not been inquired after. Penna is offered at $3,62½ ₱ bbl, without finding buyers.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat this week have been very meagre. There is a good demand for prime lots at the late advance, and 18,000 bushels were disposed of at $1,15@1,30 ₱ bus for inferior and prime Red, and $1,24@1,40 for White, including some mixed Western at $1,25@1,30, and a lot of Georgia White at $1,28. Rye is in demand for distilling, and it is taken on arrival at 82@78 for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn is very scarce and in demand at a further advance of 3@4c ₱ bus. Sales of 9000 bushels at 82@86c for old Yellow, closing at the latter rate; 69@70c for new do; and 73@75c for mixed lots, and 70c for a lot of new white. Oats have been in good request. Sales of 10,000 bushels at 45@46c—closing at the former quotation for prime Southern.

PROVISIONS—Supplies of the 'new crop' have not yet commenced coming forward, and the transactions have been comparatively small. Pork has been but little inquired after, except for home consumption. Sales at $17,50@17,75 for City Packed Mess, and $15 for Prime, chiefly of the former description. A sale of half bbls for California at $9,75@10 each. City packed Mess Beef sells for ship's stores at $15,50@16, which is a decline. Bacon—The stock is now very much reduced, and the receipts from the West have about ceased. There has been only a limited demand, partly from the South. Sales of Hams at 10½@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 9½c, and Shoulders at 7½c, cash and 60 days. Green Salted Meats—The transactions have been unimportant, and prices are about nominal. We quote Shoulders at 8½c Lard—The stock has been light and the demand limited, but prices are firm. Sales of bbls, in a small way, at 10½@11c, and kegs at 11½@12c ₱ lb, cash and 60 days. Butter—Roll is more inquired after, and prices are firmer, but other descriptions are neglected. Sales of solid packed at 13@16c, in kegs and firkins; Roll at 20@25c ₱ lb, cash.

COTTON—The market during the past week has been quite dull, the manufacturers manifesting no disposition to purchase except to supply their immediate wants. At the close, however, there was a little more firmness, and some holders are less anxious to realize. Sales of 820 bales Upland, Middling and Middling fair quality at 11½@12c ₱ lb, cash, mostly at 11½@12c.

BARK—Quercitron Bark has been in steady demand, and with a light stock and limited receipts, prices are firm. Sales of 160 hhds No 1 at $30 ₱ ton, and 32 hhds second quality do at $26. Chestnut Oak is worth $11@11,50 ₱ cord, and Spanish $14@14,50.

BEESWAX is unchanged. Small sales of yellow at 32@33c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—There has been inquiry for the supply of Eastern markets, and the prospects of the trade generally are more encouraging. The shipments by the Schuylkill navigation for last week were considerably in excess of any similar period since the construction of the work. The supplies by railroad are moderate, and prices remain without change.

COFFEE—The stocks are now very much reduced, and the market is firm. Sales of 600 bags Rio at 11@11¼c, 980 bags damaged St Domingo, by auction, at 3½@9¼c, cash, and 1000 bags Laguayra at 11½@12c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER continues very dull, and in the absence of sales we quote English Sheathing at 28c, and Yellow Metal at 21c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—Are not so active, and prices are lower. Sales of good Western at 30@33c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit is very quiet. Green Apples range from $2 to $4,50 ₱ bbl, and Dried Apples from 6½ to 8c for inferior and prime quality. Dried Peaches are selling at 9 to 12c for unpared quarters and halves, and 14@17c for pared. Cranberries are plenty, and dull at $9@12,50 ₱ bbl.

HEMP—There has been nothing doing, and there is but little stock here.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last report.

HOPS are extremely dull. Small sales of new, first sort Eastern and Western at 15@17c, and old at 7@10c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market continues quite firm, but is devoid of any degree of activity. Sales of 600 tons No 1 Anthracite at $22, and No 2 at $21 ₱ ton, on time. A lot Charcoal Blooms sold at $63,50, on time. There has been more inquiry for Bar and Boiler Iron, without change from previous rates.

LEAD is held very firmly. There is but little stock here in first hands, and no further sales have transpired.

LEATHER—There has been a steady inquiry for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather at full rates.

LUMBER continues exceedingly dull, and the stock left over this year will be larger than for many seasons past. A cargo of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $15 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—The market is rather dull, and prices drooping. Small sales of Trinidad Muscovado at 30c, on time. An invoice of about 300 bbls new crop New Orleans, to arrive—the first of the season—was sold on private terms.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed continues unabated. Sales of 2000 bushels fair and prime quality at $5,68½@5,87½ ₱ 64 lbs, and recleaned from second hands, for another market, on private terms. 100 bushels Timothy sold at $1,87½@2 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is taken in lots as it comes in at $1,60 ₱ bus.

SUGAR—The market continues firm, but the demand has fallen off. The stock, however, is very much reduced. Small sales of Cuba at 6½@7¼c; 200 hhds Porto Rico at 7¼@7½c, and a lot of new crop New Orleans to arrive at 8c ₱ lb—all on time.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin are limited, and for the former, prices are drooping. N. E. Rum is selling at 36@38c. Whiskey is scarce, and firm at 24½@25c for Ohio bbls; 23@23½c for Pennsylvania; 23c for hhds and 22c for drudge.

TALLOW—City Rendered is held at 10@10½c ₱ lb, and a small business only is done at the latter price.

WOOL meets a steady inquiry for the supply of both the local and Eastern manufacturers, and prices continue quite firm. Sales of 65,000 pounds, ranging from 27c for unwashed up to 55c ₱ lb cash for fine.

DEATH OF MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

THE GREAT TRAVELLER.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the great traveller, died at Vienna, on the 27th ult., after her return from the Mauritius, which she had visited last spring. She was born in Vienna, 1797, and married to Dr. J. Pfeiffer, of Lernberg, in 1820, but her husband and two sons dying, she set out on a journey to Jerusalem, after which she published an account of her pilgrimage. She next explored Northern Europe, clear up to Iceland; then she went to Brazil, round Cape Horn, to Otaheite, China, Japan and much of Asia. Resting awhile, she published another book, and left for the Cape of Good Hope and the Hottentot country. She carried her explorations some two hundred miles into the interior, living among the savages on terms of amity and enjoying excellent opportunities for observation. Returning to the Cape, she sailed for Singapore; went thence to Borneo, where she resided for a month among the fierce tribe of the Dyaks; then went over the mountains to visit Sungau and Landek, and, after several visits to the settlements, bent her steps towards Java, where she received hospitable entertainment; went thence to Sumatra, lived another month among a tribe of cannibals, and came away entire, although they proposed to eat her, and were only dissuaded therefrom, she avers, by her representations that she was old, and necessarily tough. The islands of the Archipelago were all visited by her, and the Sultan of Ternata afforded her all possible facilities for exploring his particular island. The lady rode through his dominions in a conveyance drawn by "twenty-man power," as she describes it, for his Majesty owned no beasts of burden, except men. Afterwards, she went to the Celebes, and having finished her sight-seeing there, returned to Java, and embarked at Batavia for San Francisco. The voyage was pleasant, and Madame Pfeiffer reached California in September, 1853. She visited the wet "diggings," examined the quartz formations, went up to the Crescent City, lived among the Indians in Oregon, ran down to Acapulco, and viewed the mines of quicksilver at San Jose, and then went down the coast to Lima, and made the tour of the Peruvian mines. Thence she went to Guayaquil, and thence to Quito, and in this stage of the journey suffered numerous perils and hardships, the rainy season having set in, and the roads rendered nearly impassable. Once she fell overboard from a canoe, and owed her life to her skill in swimming. Quito offered no temptations to detain her, and after a short visit she returned to Guayaquil, and departed thence to Panama.

Crossing the Isthmus to Aspinwall, she took a steamer passage for New Orleans, and then began her trip through the United States, which ended in this city in November, 1854, exactly four years ago. From New Orleans she went to Arkansas, then up the Mississippi to St. Louis, thence to the Falls of St. Anthony; thence, by way of Galena, Chicago, Milwaukie, and Sault St. Marie to Lake Superior; thence by way of Quebec and Montreal to New York, arriving here in September, 1854. Returning to London at the close of 1854, she prepared her notes of this extended tour for publication, and the narrative is simple and interesting.—Her last journey was undertaken about a year ago. She revisited Africa, and attempted to explore Madagascar, but was prevented from the fulfillment of that part of her plan by the watchful jealousy of the Queen, who subjected her to sundry indignities, and finally expelled her from the territory.

Madame Pfeiffer, with all her roaming propensities, was not a coarse or bold woman. In person, she was below the middle size, had dark hair and brilliant eyes, was always clad with extreme plainness, and in manner was quiet and reserved. In a letter written to a friend, a few years ago, she describes herself: "I smile," she says, "when I think of the many who, knowing me only through my travels, fancy that my character, manners, even my figure and movements, are more like those of a man than a woman. How falsely do they charge me! But you, you know me, know that those who expect to find me six feet high, with a bold, imposing gait, and a dagger and pistol in my belt, discover in me the reverse; and that in every-day life I am plainer, quieter and more reserved than thousands of my own sex, who have never left the seclusion of their native villages."

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.—A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in New York for some time, and considered himself exceedingly good-looking and fascinating, made a deadly onset on the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady who was boarding in the same house with him. After a prolonged siege the lady surrendered. They were married on Wednesday morning. The same afternoon the "young wife" sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a beautiful little daughter, three and a half years of age.

"Good heavens! then you were a widow!" exclaimed the astonished student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest; to-morrow, Augustus, James and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall have all my children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word; his feelings were too deep for utterance. The next day the "other darlings" arrived. Reuben was six years old, James nine, and Augustus a saucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear that they had a "new papa," because they could now live at home and have all the playthings they wanted! The "new papa" as soon as he could speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother; "my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second—complexion, temperament, color of hair and eyes—all different."

This was too much. He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and the astounded step-father of four children.

"But her fortune," thought he, "that will make amends."

He spoke of her fortune.

"These are my treasures," says she, in the Roman matron style, pointing to her children.

The conceit was now quite taken out of the student, who, finding that he had made a complete goose of himself, at once retired to a farm in his native State, where he could have a chance to render his "boys" useful, and make them sweat for the deceit practiced upon him by their mother.

THE NICARAGUAN EMIGRANT SCHEME, &c.—WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The Collector of Customs at Mobile has, by this time, received a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury against granting a clearance to the Alice Painter, for Greytown. The objection rests mainly on the ground that the expedition now proposed assimilates to that of November, 1857, when the steamer Fashion escaped by means of false papers, at the Mobile Custom House, the same Collector having then been deceived. Subsequent events were inconsistent with Wm. Walker's representations at that time. It is not intended to interfere with peaceful emigration to Nicaragua, or to any other country. But Nicaragua is entitled to repose in the confident belief that the United States will maintain relations of peace and amity with her Government and people.

BEES.—Some parties propose to introduce bees from Brazil into this country. They are said to be about the size of the common house fly, with black head and yellow body. They build hives on the branches of trees, making them about three feet in circumference, and of a sort of papery material.

THE MINES OF CALIFORNIA.—People said the mines of California cannot be worked in the dry season, for want of water. But within the last five years they have made 4,405 miles of artificial canals for mining purposes, at a cost of $12,000,000, and at this time another 1,000 miles are being constructed.—Now a vast deal of this canalling is over the most wild, rocky and precipitous country; jumping over awful chasms and plunging down fearful abysses; trestel-work, story piled on story, and wooden fluming zig-zagged at every angle (rough as yet truly, but with strength adequate to its purpose), may be seen winding for miles and miles its tortuous course, leading mountain streams far away from their native channels, and giving to the driest diggings water superabundant. The waterfall at the end is generally very great, and it is turned to curious account.

Mining by machinery is not new, though rare. Artillery mining we have just heard of. But it is California Yankees who invented mining by water. The greater part of the solid, steep, gold bearing gravel and boulder embankments of this country, are undermined and broken up into loose particles by jets of water impinging upon them through hempen hose. The water has the force of perhaps 100 feet or more of fall, and it plays upon the face of the high banks, like a fire engine. No one can conceive what a mighty mining tool this is. A hundred men with pick and shovel would be laughed to scorn by one of these hydraulic miners. Nothing resists the fury of its onslaught. Right out of the solid, hard pan, a deep undermining is quickly ripped, and anon down topples a mass of a thousand tons of mingled clay, gravel and quartz boulders, with earthquake shock, into the vale below. To see a thousand such engines of destruction at work on the solid mountains, and to note what slender resistance the sturdy rock opposes, one cannot avoid referring to some such causes, the downfall of vast mountain ranges of former ages, and the wide scattering of their huge boulders, which geology records, but is puzzled to account for, without earthquakes and vast convulsions that overtax the largest credulity.

Gravel and coarse-drift deposits of this kind spread over a vast area—thousands of square miles, multiplied by thousands again. Their depth is variable, from a few yards to a few perches, but invariably they have a well recognized bottom, known as the bed rock. It is not everywhere of the same consistency, and it is only the geologist who will give it the name of rock. It is often an indurated clay, but every locality has its bed-rock, nearest to which the richest gold gravel is expected.—*Correspondence of Public Ledger.*

TO POSTMASTERS.—The Post Office Department has, for some time past, given an unusual share of attention to the correction of abuses in the postal service, from which the Government suffered very materially. These abuses, generally, do not consist in positive violations of the laws, but rather in neglect, on the part of Postmasters, to perform the functions of their positions according to the regulations of the Department contained in the circular of instructions delivered to them. One of the most frequent of these cases of neglect is the failure to cancel postage stamps, and although the omission to deface a stamp now and then appears like a trifling matter, when we take into consideration the vast number of Post Offices in the country, and the many thousands of stamps which pass through them daily, it will be perceived that the Government may, in this manner, be deprived of a large proportion of the revenue which should accrue to it from this source, through only occasional neglect.

Again, the law and the instructions of the Post Office Department imperatively require that the postage on all transient printed matter shall be pre paid by postage stamps, and that such matter shall be distinctly post-marked at the mailing office. Yet this regulation, like the one above referred to, is frequently neglected; and it is stated that a practice has also become common, among a certain class of Postmasters, of buying patronage to their respective offices to the injury of those naturally entitled to it, by allowing the mailing party a portion of their own commission. The Department has determined that hereafter any neglect on the part of a Postmaster to obey the above instructions, or any such unfair practice for obtaining patronage, will be considered good cause for the removal of the offender.—*Washington Star.*

POTATOES.—A vessel arrived at the first wharf below Market Street a few days ago, loaded with potatoes from Salem and Burlington Counties, New Jersey. They were raised from a new variety of seed, called the "Peach Blow," introduced here by Mr. John R. Sears, of New York, on account of their prolific growth and their excellent quality, and certainly finer potatoes were never in our market. Mr. S. had 1,700 barrels of the seed, and to induce persons to take it, he engaged to buy all the potatoes raised from it, at 60 cents a bushel. Farmers in Salem and Burlington, New Jersey, planted the seed, and some 25,000 bushels of potatoes have been raised, four thousand bushels of which are now in this market. In Salem County, two acres of ground were planted with five barrels of the seed, and 500 bushels of potatoes were raised. In Burlington, one acre planted with three and a half barrels of seed, raised 333 bushels of potatoes. The ordinary product per acre is from 200 to 300 bushels. The seed is better adapted to the soil of New Jersey and Pennsylvania than it is to New York, and the climate is more favorable to the full development of the potato. Certainly, raising potatoes in these quantities, to retail at one dollar per bushel, is a profitable operation. There are thousands of acres of land between Harrisburg and the mountains, which are especially adapted to potato cultivation, and farmers, we should think, would make money by devoting their labor to this production. There is always a market here for potatoes at good prices, and the railroads to the city make the journey only a few hours' ride.—*Public Ledger.*

THE CATAWBA VINTAGE OF 1858.—The yield of vineyards in Hamilton County, Ohio, for 1858, is 14,000 gallons; Brown County, 17,000; and Clermont, 2,500—a total of 33,500 gallons in three counties. Mr. Fournier, the director of N. Longworth's wine house, states that the wine of 1858 is of superior quality, being as good as the celebrated vintage of 1853, and the yield is considerably greater than that of '57. The price per gallon ranges from $1 to $1,20, the latter being the current quotation.

The vintage of Hermann, Missouri, this year, has been an average one, in spite of the prospects of the early part of the season. The German paper at Hermann states that the quantity of wine produced will reach 55,000 gallons, which is highly satisfactory in view of the fact that last year's yield was enormous, and that vines seldom yield two consecutive heavy crops.

SWINE OF THEIR MUSCLE.—They had a pig fight in Cincinnati last week, which was witnessed by two or three hundred persons, and was conducted in so spirited a manner as to excite universal admiration. They fought like two brave pigs, long and well, and had evidently been trained in the school of porcine pugilists, for they had mind, skill, pluck, and bottom. One was christened Morrissey, and the other Heenan, and after fighting more than an hour, Morrissey bowed his tail, thus acknowledging himself vanquished. The reporter of the *N. Y. Tribune*, owing, doubtless, to the want of time, was not present—but it is supposed an accurate picture of the fight will appear in Harper's "Journal of Civilization."

THE best of men have ever loved repose;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul roars, and gradual rancor grows
Embittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away.
So Scipio, to the soft Cumsean shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.
—*Thomson.*

☞ An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

☞ Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

☞ Of all thieves, fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper.—*Goethe.*

TAX not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
Another crop thy acres yield,
Which I gather in my song.
—*Emerson.*

☞ Howard Paul, in his "Patchwork," tells the following good story of an old darkey who was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition: "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in dis way as how it was—leastwise as far as I can remember. Fust my fader died, and den my mudder married agin, and den my mudder died and my fader married agin, and somehow I doesn't seem to hab no parents at all, nor no home nor nothin'."

In this wide world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.
—*Crabbe.*

☞ In public oratory words would seem to take a far higher rank than ideas. You hear many a mute inglorious Demosthenes, stuttering to express himself, say that he was "at a loss for words;" but you never heard any one yet—not even a vestryman—who had the honesty to excuse himself by saying that "he really was at a loss for ideas."

☞ Use every man after his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping?—*Shakspeare.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	108	—
" " '67	113¼	—
" " '68	113¾	—
" 6 " coupon '71	104¼	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102½	102¾
" " new	105¼	106
" 5 "	91½	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 6 coupon	—	15
Allegh City 6 pr ct	60	—
" County "	54	—
" R R issue	50	51½
" County 6 pr ct		
Penn 6 pr ct	93½	94
" 5 " coupon	95	95½
" 5 " '60	86	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	91½	92½
" 5 " coupon	80	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	89	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	108¾	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	99	—
Virginia "	93½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Ca., State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	90	—
N Y City 6 pr ct	110	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	144½	—
Philadelphia	115½	115¾
Far & Mec	59	60
Commercial	59	59½
Mechanics	27½	27¾
Southwark	57	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	62½	70
Girard	12	12½
Western	67½	70
Man & Mech	26	29½
Commerce	62½	70
Tradesman's	60	—
City	46	48
Consolidation	24	25½
Commonwealth	71½	72
Corn Exchange	21½	22
Germantown	53	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	54	—
Exchange	52	—
Kentucky Ky.	117	118
Northern "	121	121½
Louisville "	109	110
Farmers "	20½	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	100	—
Planters "	104	104½
N O Gas Light	126	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	23½
Lehigh Zinc	6	7
New Creek "	1	1½
New Brunswick "	1	2
N America Ins'nce	13½	14
N Liberties Gas	20	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	56	58
Bonds	93	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	102	103
2nd "	89½	91
" stock		
Interest off	42½	43
Cam & Amboy 6		
pr ct bonds 1864	92½	93
" stock	115	117
Reading R R 6		
pr ct bonds '70	82½	83
mort 6's '44	93	93
" '66	77½	—
" stock	26	26½
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	—	88
" stock	45	46
Phila, Wil & Balt		
stock	25½	—
6 pr ct loan '58	101¼	102
Ches Val R R '70	97½	—
Ithica R R	75	80
Wilm & Elmira		
1st mort	—	73½
2d "	52½	52½
stock	10	11½
Catawissa	6½	8½
Beaver Meadow		
preferred 10 pr ct	53½	55
North Penna R R		
stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	60½	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR		
stock	57½	58
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr		
ct loan	60	62½
Har and Lan R R		
stock	55½	60
bonds '69	97	—
L. Schuylkill R R		
stock	28	30½
Long Island R R		
stock	11½	12
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	16½	—
Hudson River R R	32	—
N Y Central "	85½	85½
Michigan Central "	55	—
Illinois "	87½	87½
Michigan Southern	22½	23½
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct		
loan '32	69½	69½
loan, 6 pr ct	69½	71
stock	8½	9½
preferred	17	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	52	52½
mort 6 pr ct	93½	—
scrip	29½	30
Morris Conno'd	106	107½
preferred	35½	65
Ches & Del bonds	73	79
Union "	2	—
bonds	35	38
Sus & Tidewater	—	2
bonds 1878	30½	31

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	12 a16
Sir loin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a$4
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	9 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	87 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	9
Leg, each	31½a37½	Hind "	10
Skin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	3 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a$1	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₱ set	12½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 8
Calf's head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	3 a 4
Sweet potatoes ₱ bus	75a87½	Cow pot's, ₱ box	25a1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	6 a 6	Onions, bus	50
Sausages, ₱ basket	37½a62½	Egg plants, each	2 a10

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	1,00	Apples ₱ half pk	25 a31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ₱ pair	75 a1,25	Pheasants	1,25
Teal ₱ pair	62 a1,00	Partridges	50
Canvas-Backed	1,50	Rail ₱ doz	25 a 37
Wild Duck ₱ pr	87	Chickens, ₱ lb	10 a12½
Red Head	1,00	Woh Pic'ns, pair	25 a37
Rabbits spring	10 a12½	Venison ₱ lb	25

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ₱ bbl, $2,00	1,00
Do, ₱ M	(6.00a20,00	Terrapins (Ches & Del)	9,00 a12,00
Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, ₱ lb	10

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ₱ lb	33 a40	Rock Fish, ₱ lb	10
Lard "	20 a20	Shad do, ₱ lb	12
Eggs, doz	16 a20	Mackerel	12
Codfish "	6 a 8	Smoked Herrings, bunch	6
Dry Cod "	5 a 6	Sausage meat ₱ roll	12½
Halibut, ₱ lb	12½		

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Nov. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; extra State $4.85@5. Wheat has declined, 19,000 bush sold, Southern red 115, white 125, Western white 120. Corn dull, 74@75. Provisions generally unchanged.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	9¼	9¼	9¾	9¾
Middling	11¼	11¼	11¾	11¾
Md'ling fair	12¼	12¼	12¾	12¾

☞ To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, "No thanks to him; if he had no business he would have nothing to do."—*Steele.*

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 20, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis	Solvent banks	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford	10 dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 2 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks par to	¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	1¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	¾ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	1¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank,	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Galveston	10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	¼ to 1¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach.

Every family should have a bottle of these Bitters in the house.

ONE DOSE will instantly relieve a sick stomach.

ONE DOSE will cure the most distressing heartburn.

ONE DOSE will allay any agitation of the nerves.

ONE DOSE, taken an hour before meals, will give a good appetite.

ONE DOSE will, in many cases, cure the most severe headache, when proceeding from a disordered stomach.

These Bitters can be obtained at any Druggist's or seller of Patent Medicines in the United States or Canadas. Price 75 cents per bottle.

JOHN C. MEAD & SONS, corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, have just completed a great improvement in Tea and Coffee Sets, whereby they can be placed on stoves and fires to boil tea and coffee. They are of their own *manufacture*, richly chased, and warranted of the finest quality. J. C. M. & Sons have also on hand *most superior* Waiters, Castors, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Goblets, Communion Sets, &c., and every article in Silver Plated Ware *warranted* of the best quality.

☞ CONSUMPTIVES.—By using *Doctor Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* the strength will improve; and for restless nights, hacking cough, all pulmonary complaints, nothing can equal it. Dr. SWAYNE'S, Seventh St., above Market, Philadelphia.

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER has been used with great success in cases of what is called painters' colic, by taking it in molasses and water, and bathing the stomach and bowels with the medicine laid on warm with flannel cloths; *repeat as often as they get dry. Sold by all dealers in family medicines.*

"THEIR NAME IS LEGION" may be applied to those who die annually of Consumption. Science has of late years sensibly diminished the number, and it is gratifying to know that *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* has created a potent influence in attaining its end.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. sr11-18t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. THOMAS M. LAUGHLIN, to Miss MARTHA BEATTY, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. Humphries, Mr. ISAAC A. PIERCE, to Miss MARY J. BARRATT, both of Cecil county, Maryland.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. S. H. Mirick, Mr. CHARLES S. RIDGWAY, of Camden, to Miss AMANDA D. NEWELL, of Camden county.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Hassler, Mr. WILLIAM SUMMERS, to Miss HENRIETTA YOST, both of Conshohocken, Pa.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Jones, Mr. THOMAS GRAHAM, Jr. to Mrs. ABBY R. TITLOW, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. HENRY POOR, to Miss ELIZABETH S. KEIGHTLEN, both of Del. county, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM A. BENJAMIN, to Miss ANNA MASON, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JAMES BOYD, to Miss MARGARET A. MCKEAG, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM, aged 43 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ELLEN M. wife of C. Weller, aged 39 years.

On the 16th instant, Miss MARY MCDONNELL, aged 19 years.

On the 15th instant, SARAH ANN, wife of Albert Katz, aged 27 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN W. BAYNE, aged 20 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELLEN DANVER, aged 68 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. JOSEPH PECK, Sr. aged 68 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. ISABELLA, wife of A. McElroy, aged 52 years.

On the 13th instant, JOEL ATKINSON, aged 77.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH HUNEKER, aged 74 years.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM MARTIN, aged 78 years.

On the 12th instant, JOHN TOPHAM, aged 71.

On the 13th instant, ROBERT BARBER, aged 25.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. RACHEL WEEKS, aged 79 years.

On the 13th instant, HANNAH PANCOAST.

SPLENDID CHANCE for an AGENT, in every COUNTY in the UNION, to sell families and business men an indispensable article worth two dimes. A sample forwarded on receipt of ten cents. Address PETTEE & CO., Cumberland, Md. 1t

INDIAN REMEDY FOR CANCER and SCROFULA—(Sure Cure)—Sent by mail for $1,00. No Humbug. Address DR. H. DENVER ELLIS, Box 1234 Cincinnati. nov20-2t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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Wit and Humor.

THE SMACK AT SCHOOL.

BY W. P. PALMER.

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys,
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries.
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthannath Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude
Before the whole set school, to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I didn't mean to be so bad,
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And durstn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

EMPANNELING A JURY.

We dropped into the Court of Sessions the other day, to "take a look round us," and while there, were witnesses of the mode of empanneling a jury.

The first name called was Simpson Bungstarter. He had heard of the case in dispute, formed an opinion—quite forgot what that opinion was—could easily form another though. Disliked the prisoner. Was down on prisoners generally. Challenged.

The next, De Drabbit Ruff, had never heard of the case. Formed no opinion. Never had no opinion. Paid a lawyer five dollars once for an opinion. Couldn't read. Disliked reading. Could write a cross to his name. Always judged prisoners by their looks. Didn't know what the case was all about. Accepted.

Stephen Bortolletby. Had read of the case in the papers. First in the Herald. Thought the prisoner guilty. Then in the Tribune.—Knew he was innocent. Could judge impartially, and give a verdict with the majority.—Challenged.

Bernard McGroggerty. Heard of the case from One-Eyed Lafferty. Knew the prisoner well. He owed him two dollars. A rum bill. Would make him sweat. Was a professional juryman, and always went into the box with his verdict in his pocket, so as to lose no time. Could leave his verdict with the court and go home. Challenged.

Barty Bullethedd. Had expressed no opinion. Formed several though. Wanted to be paid for time, or he wouldn't serve. Had the small-pox pretty bad, so could keep the jury from disagreeing. Say which way you want the case to go, and he was bound to fetch it. Challenged.

Myers Schweinbuschergritz. Heard von de gase. Don't got no 'binions. Dinks de brisoner should pe hanged. Veel sick mit his stomack butty bad. Vant to go home. Accepted.

Wellington Winterbottom. 'Eard summat habout hit. Thinks hit hall an 'umbug.—Vould like to 'ave the prisoner down to Brummagen Bill's for 'alf an 'our. Vould knock the fat hoff 'is heyeballs, and blamed quick.—Didn't believe his law. Accepted.

Sampson Stolid. Could judge impartially. Didn't care which way he went. If prisoner was acquitted, he's let off; if he's found guilty—he's pardoned. Accepted.

We waited no longer, having business elsewhere. We left the court under the impression that there's a little fun and good deal of farce about "empanneling a jury."—*New York Picayune.*

A FRIGHTFUL CONTINGENCY.—A farmer from the neighborhood of Galston took his wife to see the wonders of the microscope, which happened to be exhibiting in Kilmarnock. The various curiosities seemed to please the good woman very well, till the animalcule contained in a drop of water, came to be shown off. These seemed to poor Janet not so very pleasant a sight as the others. She sat patiently, however, till the "water tigers," magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet, fighting with their usual ferocity. Janet now rose in great trepidation, and cried to her husband, "For gudesake, come awa, John." "Sit still, woman," said John, "and see the show." "See the show!—keep us a', man, what wad come o' us if the awfu'-like brutes wad break out o' the water?"

A WISE NOBLEMAN.—Henry VIII. designed to send a nobleman on an embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture; but he begged to be excused, saying, that such a threatening message to so hot-headed a prince as Francis I. might go near to cost him his life.

"Fear not," said old Harry, "if the French King should offer to take away your life, I is a prest ould revenge you by taking off the heads of teous b and good y Frenchmen now in my power."

hope that nt among all these heads," replied the death, and n, "there may not be one to fit my then be muc."

Socrates.

Nature h cious mouths are like badly- but a coxcomb is —they make large issues on no king.—*Addison.*

QUITE NATURAL!—"A few months since," writes a correspondent, "two of our well-known citizens, Mr. C——— and Mr. S———, were sauntering through the streets of Cincinnati, viewing the sights, and of course looking into all the shop windows. Mr. C———, who is somewhat of a wag, observed a man seated motionless in a show-window, resting from his exertions in cleaning the panes, with his left elbow on his knee and his face in the palm of his hand. Drawing his companion's attention to the man, he remarked, in his careless way:—

"'That's pretty natural—almost like life; ain't it, John?" and passing on a short distance, stopped.

"Mr. S———, however, stopped short, and, after viewing the supposed *figure* a moment or two, said, in a surprised yet confident manner:—

"'Blamed if it *don't* look natural!' and approached the window for a closer inspection. Resting his hands on the railing, he stared fixedly at the figure; when, to his great surprise and discomfiture, the man, raising his right hand, with outspread fingers, to his nose, made a most significant gesture. Mr. S———. left, rapidly, and to this day is plagued about the man in the window looking so natural."

ACUTENESS OF TALLEYRAND.—A lady who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he began to write a verse. "Stop, Monseigneur!" exclaimed the lady; "it may be very well for inferior persons to write verses, but the name of Talleyrand is enough to appear in my book. It is fame." He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name at the *very top* of the page. The anecdote spread, and all Paris laughed at the statesman's happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name in a few days signed to a bill of 10,000 francs.

TURKEY AND BABIES.—A modest young gentleman at a dinner party, put the following conundrum: "Why are most people who eat turkey like babies?" No reply. The modest man blushed, and would have backed out, but finally gave this reason: "Because they are fond of the breast." Two middle-aged ladies fainted, and the remains of the young man were carried out by the coroner.

THE BACHELOR'S BURIAL.

Two old maids, at shut of day,
A bachelor's carcass bore away,
With wrinkled brow and matted hair,
And heart that never loved the fair.

Bring briars, they groaned, bring weeds unblown,
Bring rankest weeds of name unknown,
Bring withered boughs from dreary wild,
To strew the bier of error's child.

And make his grave where the lizards hide,
Where night shade strews the swamp creek's side,
Far out of sight—where genial spring
Shall send no gentle birds to sing.

His old jack-knife lay with him low,
To cut the strings of Cupid's bow;
The sad house cat shall whine around
His lonely grave in grief profound.

Here lay him who was often "high,"
Here, where shall fall no pitying eye
For him—for him no loving heart
Shall ache, for him no tear shall start.

His bloodless lips shall fall to dust;
His old jack-knife shall waste with rust;
He whom we hide from light of men
Shall never fright the babes again.

For we have laid him from the light,
Beneath the ground and out of sight;
But this rude epitaph shall stand—
"He who to no one gave his hand."

OLD SCHOOLMASTER (*Who Has a Sensitive Ear for Grammar.*)—"My dears, there's your mother calling you."

BOY.—"O, her ain't a callin' o' we; us don't belong to she."

Agricultural.

CLAY SOILS, AND THEIR IMPROVEMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. D. WHITE.

All soils in which there are less than forty per cent. of sand, are denominated argillacious. When they are composed of nearly equal parts of pure clay and of that description of earth which can be freed from them by the process of washing, they are designated clay lands; and this denomination is preserved so long as the proportion does not exceed from forty to sixty parts in a hundred. The smaller the quantity of sand, the more stiff and tenacious will be the soil, and the greater its tendency to parch in seasons of excessive drought, as well as to become unctuous and plastic where there is an excess of moisture or humidity.

In all cases where either sand or clay exists in excess, the most feasible method of effecting speedy and permanent amelioration, is by the admixture of the opposite earth. A soil containing a redundance of argillaceous matter, and which is so ponderous and viscid as almost to defy the most labored and ingenious processes of cultivation, may be rendered highly productive and energetic by the addition of sand, or some description of compost, the basis of which is composed of silicious earth, or loam. The *quantity* of the ameliorating element must of course be graduated by the necessities of the soil, which may be ascertained by analysis, or by the more gradual process of observation and experience.

Some of the most productive soils in Massachusetts are of this description. They are remarkably prolific, and are much less liable to be unfavorably affected by sudden alternations of humidity and dryness than soils that have not been scientifically investigated and improved. In Maine, where there is much of that description of soil denominated "*plains land*," and which presents, in its unameliorated and natural state, all the incorrigible barrenness of the most sterile sand, this process of amalgamation is rapidly becoming popular. It has been ascertained that this kind of soil, when so improved, possesses a positive, intrinsic and *permanent* value, that is but little diminished by even excessive cropping, and that, when the actual staple of the soil—i. e., its *humus*—has been consumed, it can be supplied at less expense than to purify natural soils. The proper season for applying clay to sandy soils, is the autumn. This secures the favorable action of the frost upon the mass, which renders it fine by its pulverulent and disintegrating action, and fitting it for a more speedy and thorough amalgamation with the soil when pulverized. I am not aware that any one has as yet made anything like a reliable estimate of the expense of this operation, or that any *data* exists at present in the range of our agricultural literature from which any estimate clearly and definitely approximating the truth, can be made. Statements partially involving this point have been published, but their deficiencies in many important respects unfortunately render them utterly unavailable for the purpose required.

Windham, Me.

DIRECTIONS FOR PACKING POULTRY.

1st.—Food in the crop injures the appearance, is liable to sour, and purchasers object to paying for this worse than useless weight—therefore keep from food twenty-four hours before killing.

2d.—Opening the veins of the neck is the best mode of killing. If the head be taken off at first, the skin will recede from the neck-bone, presenting a repulsive feature.

3d.—Most of the poultry sold in this market is "scalded," or "wet-picked," but "dry-picked is preferred by a few, and sells to a limited extent only, at full prices. Poultry may be picked dry without difficulty, if done without delay after killing.

For scalding poultry the water should be as near to the boiling point as possible, without actually boiling; the bird being held by the legs should be immersed, and lifted up and down in the water three times—the motion helps the hot water to penetrate the plumage and take proper effect upon the skin. Continue to hold the bird by the legs with one hand while plucking the feathers with the other, without a moment's delay after taking out; if skillfully handled in this way, the feathers and pin-feathers may all be removed without breaking the skin. A torn or broken skin greatly injures the appearance, and the price will be low in proportion.

4th.—The intestines or the crop should not be "drawn." After removing the feathers the head may be taken off and the skin drawn over the neck-bone and tied; this is best, though much comes to market with the heads on.

5th.—It should next be "plumped," by being dipped about two seconds into water, nearly or quite boiling hot, and then at once into cold water, about the same length of time.—Some think the hot plunge sufficient without the cold.

It should be entirely cold, but not frozen, before being packed. If it reaches market sound without freezing, it will sell all the better.

6th.—In packing, when practicable use clean, hand-threshed rye straw. If this cannot be had, wheat or oat straw will answer, but be sure that it is clean and free from dust of any kind. Place a layer of straw at the bottom, then alternate layers of poultry and straw, taking care to stow snugly backs upward, legs under the body, filling vacancies with straw, and filling the pack, so that the cover will draw down very snugly upon the contents, so as to prevent shifting or knocking on the way. Canada poultry generally reaches this market late in the season, say in the month of February. Much of it is well fattened and of good quality, but is generally dressed and packed in a slovenly manner, the crops being full of food (peas and oats), the wing and tail feathers on, etc.; sells low in proportion to its real value. If enterprising traders will go into Canada, buy the poultry; particularly turkeys and geese, alive, or in some other way make sure that it is properly dressed and packed, they will have a bright chance to make money.

Boxes are the best package, and should contain from, say, 150 to 300. Larger boxes are inconvenient, and more apt to get injured. Number the packages—mark the contents, the gross weight, and the tare of each on the cover—place invoice of the lot in one package, marked "bill," and send a duplicate by mail—direct plainly to the consignee, placing name of consignor also on each package.—*From Drew & French's Circular.*

FATTENING FOWLS.

From the Chapter on Poultry in the Ann. Register for 1858.

If it is desired to fatten fowls in a very short time, they should be confined in small coops. Baily says:

"A coop for twelve fowls (Dorkings) should be thirty inches high, three feet long, and twenty-two inches deep; it should stand about two feet from the ground, the front made of bars about three inches apart; the bottom also made of bars about an inch and a-half apart, to insure cleanliness, and made to run the length of the coop, so that the fowl constantly stands, when feeding or resting, in the position of perching; the sides, back, and top may be made the same, or the back may be solid."—Some writers think it best to make half of the floor a little inclined, and to cover it with a board. Troughs for feed and water should be fastened around the edge of the coop, and the whole placed in an out-building, as a barn or shed, away from other fowls. For the first twenty-four hours give water, but no food. On the second day commence feeding regularly three times daily with the most nutritious food, such as oatmeal mixed with milk, boiled wheat, &c., &c. The troughs should be cleansed daily, and a plenty of fresh clean water given; and the fowls must be fed very early in the morning, and all they will eat at all times. In from fourteen to twenty days they will be in their best condition, when they should be killed, for if kept longer they soon become diseased.

Poultry may be fattened quicker and more perfectly by stuffing, but it is an unnatural as well as inhuman practice, and we cannot recommend it.

Dorking, Spanish, Game, Hamburgh, and Polish chickens hatched the last of May, in latitude 43 degs., will do well to fatten when three months old, but Shanghai, Malay and Java chickens should be at least a month older.

HINTS FOR THE FARM AND GARDEN.

I. All root crops should be dug up by the middle of this month, with the exception of parsnips; they do better in the ground until spring. Turnips may remain until the frost nips the tops; they do not need as much protection as the majority of other roots do during winter, as a slight frost does not destroy the vital principle in them. It is unnecessary to reiterate our advice to have all such valuable produce well taken care of.

II. If you have any stacks of hay or straw in the field that you intend shall remain there during the whole or greater part of the winter have them properly capped by some person who understands the business. If the rain is not turned off, it will penetrate the stack and rot its contents, perhaps start fermentation or heating.

III. This is a good time to manure orchards. Haul manure among the trees and dig it in; not close to the trunks where it will do no good, but near the extremity of the roots, where the rootlets are. Fresh manure is not good for this purpose, for while decaying in the ground it breeds fungus that is apt to take hold of the living roots of the trees and destroy them. Well rotted manure is best in all cases for digging in.

IV. Should you plant an orchard, or even a single tree, now or in the spring, do it carefully. By all means have trees properly dug from the nursery rows; one with the small roots well preserved is worth three with them grubbed off. All bruised roots should be carefully trimmed with a sharp knife, and the holes in which they are to be planted should be at least large enough to allow every root to be spread in a natural way. No manure is required. The best course is to fill around the roots with surface soil. If this is not good, the land is not fit to plant an orchard upon.

V. Dahlia tubers must be dug up as soon as the tops are blackened by the frost. Do not shake them to remove the adherent soil; but remove them to a dry place, secure from frost. Beneath the stage of a green-house they do best; but packed among dry sand, in a box or barrel, and kept in a cellar capable of wintering potatoes, will do well. Bulbous roots, such as tulips, narcissus, crocus, &c., if still unplanted, should be set out immediately.—A covering of dead leaves will protect many tender plants, and if the flower beds are covered with them during the winter, and removed in spring, the plants will be the better of it.

VI. Fill your woodsheds with dry wood for the winter. It is hard work to kindle a fire with green chips; and, moreover, you will receive the thanks of your wife for supplying her with good dry fuel, especially on baking days. No woman can bake well with green wood.

VII. If your land is dry enough, continue fall ploughing; such land will be in good condition in the spring for either spring wheat or oats; and these grains can be put in much sooner than when the land has to be ploughed in the spring. The earlier spring wheat and oats are put in, the better for both quantity and quality of produce.—*Ohio Farmer.*

PRESERVATION OF CIDER.

Professor HORSFORD, of Cambridge, has lately sent a letter to the President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in reference to the preservation of cider, a subject to which Prof. H. has devoted much attention. As the matter may be interesting to many of our readers, we copy Prof. H.'s letter:—

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 25, 1858.

Dear Sir:—I beg to enclose a recipe for improving cider. The object to which my efforts have been directed, was to provide a cheap, easily-managed, and perfectly safe agent for arresting fermentation at any desired stage of its progress. The fermentation of the sugar of the cider, it is well known, is due to the fermentation of an albuminous substance which the cider holds in suspension or solution. By fermentation, the sugar is first converted into alcohol and carbonic acid. If the albuminous matter be in great excess, as it uniformly is, its fermentation goes forward to convert the alcohol into acetic acid, and the cider becomes sour. If the quantity of sugar be large, a corresponding quantity of alcohol is produced. When it is not in sufficient quantity it may be added to the cider, and more of the albuminous matter consumed to produce alcohol and carbonic acid, and of course less will remain to convert the alcohol into vinegar.

But if when the fermentation has been carried forward just far enough to impart to the cider the taste which is most preferred—when it is sparkling, still sweet, but slightly acid; if at this stage the albuminous matter be withdrawn, the cider will permanently retain its acceptable flavor.

To accomplish this withdrawal, I employ *Sulphate of Lime*—a salt made soluble only by acid, and of course quite inert until acid presents itself to the cider. As soon as fermentation produces acetic acid, this salt yields sulphurous acid, which destroys the ferment. This is essentially the agent employed to prevent fermentation in the wine production of France.

The substance I employ settles out at the bottom with the lees, and may be entirely separated from the cider.

The testimony of quite a number of *friends*, who have for the last three years *followed* the *recipe, as well as the experiments* I have myself *directed*, are so emphatic as to the excellence of the result, that I feel justified in submitting *to the attention of the Horticultural* Society this method of improving cider.

E. N. HORSFORD.

Prof. of Hor. Chem. to the Mass. Hor. Soc.

Receipt for Improving Cider.—Let the new cider from sour apples (sound and selected fruit is to be preferred) ferment from one week to three weeks, as the weather is warm or cool. When it has attained to *lively* fermentation, add to each gallon, according to its acidity, from half a pound to two pounds of white crushed sugar, and let the whole ferment until it possesses precisely the taste which it is desired should be permanent.

In this condition pour out a quart of the cider, and add for each gallon, one quarter of an ounce of sulphate of lime, known as an article of manufacture under the name of *anti-chloride of lime.* Stir the powder and cider until intimately mixed, and return the emulsion to the fermenting liquid. Agitate briskly and thoroughly for a few moments, and then let the cider settle. The fermentation will cease at once.

When, after a few days, the cider has become clear, draw off and bottle carefully, or remove the sediment and return to the original vessel. If loosely corked, or kept in a barrel on draft, it will retain its taste as a still cider. If preserved in bottles carefully corked, which is better, it will become a sparkling cider and may be kept indefinitely long.—*Boston Cultivator.*

PRESERVING CELERY.—Our celery would keep sometimes until May, had it the chance. We always preserve it out-of-doors, by filling in the stalks taken elsewhere, between two standing rows, being careful to place the stalks upright, and not in contact with other stalks, having dirt well packed in between them. After the whole is prepared, the mound is well spanked with the spade—leaving the tops of the celery just peeping out at the apex; this is covered with straw or any dry garden haulm, and then a roofing of old boards completes the business.

This season we shall try another process—allowing the celery to remain in the rows as it grows, banking it up well, and securing as before. We are satisfied in advance, that this is the true mode of keeping celery. The less it is disturbed the better, only protect it against moisture and atmospheric changes.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

PROPER NAMES WHICH ARE REALLY IMPROPER.—Brown, I am told, (the very numerous and common-place Brown,) is the same as the Scandinavian Odin, the father of the gods. Veal, Wilkes, Willikins, or Villikins (and his Dinah,) have all the same meaning, and all spring from one root. Homer is reduced to Hammer; and Balder, the wisest of the Northern gods, is identical with Pooley. Sibthorp is from Sif, the wife of Thor, and the same as Sieveking; Anne is an ancient *man's* name; Bill (the name of our old gardener, though I was never allowed to call him by it) turns out to be the title of a minor *goddess* of the Scandinavian mythology—a child fabled to have been snatched up and placed in the moon.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 12, 9, 15, 19, is an island belonging to the United States.
My 9, 12, 6, 8, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 13, 17, 2, 16, 7, 17, 8, is a mountain in Africa.
My 3, 14, 11, 16, 10, is a lake in Asia.
My 6, 8, 13, 15, 10, is a town in European Russia.
My 3, 1, 7, 5, is a city in Peru.
My 4, 14, 13, 8, 16, 8, 18, is a town in Connecticut.
My whole is a celebrated historian, statesman, and poet. EGBERT, M. P.

Kenosha, Wis.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY W. LANAHAN M.

I.

My first you'll discover in beauty on high,
'Mid the tiresey clouds that sail in the sky;
'Tis worn by our sailors so fearless and brave,
And appears in the banners that over them wave.

II.

My second make garden and forest appear
A concert to those who delightedly hear;
The melody floating among the old trees,
Wafted to them on the sweet scented breeze.

III.

When the ice and the snow and the cold have all fled,
And winter reluctantly bows his white head
Beneath the enchanting, warm touch of the spring,
Then will my whole the glad tidings bring.

Tiffin, Ohio.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you should always tell,
Let the result be ill or well;
My second, a spendthrift's purse you'll ne'er see;
My whole, kind reader, you always should be.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of letters four,
Am an animal—nothing more.
Omit my first, and I am then
Possessed by the wisest men.
Omit my third, an article view,
Worn by many—perhaps by you.
Omit my first, transpose the three,
And I'm often on the deep blue sea.
Omit my first, again transpose,
And I'm a pest, as every one knows.
With what I've said, reader kind,
The answer you can easily find.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thomas has made himself a box, for the holding of grain, making the same 5 feet high, and the proportion of the length to the breadth thereof as 3 is to 2. This is the outside measure thereof. There is actually superficial measure 191¼ feet of 2 inch plank used in the construction of the bottom and the four walls thereof; (without accounting any loss occasioned in making the same.) Now if the Winchester bushel, which we have adopted as our standard, contains 2150 2-5 cubic inches, I wish to know the outward size of this grain box? the number of bushels it will hold? and, provided he makes a lid of lighter boards to cover the same, and projecting one-tenth of a foot clear around, on all the four sides, how many square feet of boards it will take to make this cover?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Cressersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man who makes additions to false rumors, like one who has confidence in all that is told him? Ans.—Because he relies on all he hears.

☞ Why is the earth in danger of getting terribly gashed and cut? Ans.—'Cause it is allers revolvin' on its *axes.*

☞ When does a cow become real estate? Ans.—When she is turned into a field.

☞ What day in Spring is a command to go ahead? Ans.—March fourth!

☞ Why is a handsome woman like bread? Ans.—Because she is often toasted.

☞ "Cos" (by an insane contributor).—What Highland sport would a number of young girls conversing remind you of? Ans.—Deers-talking!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Riddler of the Saturday Evening Post. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA, ACROSTICAL—Andrew Jackson. RIDDLE—Language. CHARADE—Manikin (Man-kin-i.)

AN ANSWER TO THE GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION QUESTION.—A friend sends us the following rules for solving the Geometrical Progression Question in THE POST of October 23rd—with the answer to the Question. He says he had to employ logarithms in the solution:—

Rule 1st.—The *first* term is equal to the last term divided by the ratio raised to a power one less than the number of terms.

Rule 2nd.—The *last* term is equal to the ratio raised to a power one less than the number of terms, multiplied by the first term.

Rule 3rd.—The *ratio* is equal to the root of the last term minus the first term, denoted by one less than the number of terms.

Rule 4th.—The *number* of terms is equal to one more than the power of the ratio raised to a power equal to the last term minus the first term.

5th.—The *sum* of the terms is equal to the last term multiplied by the ratio, minus the first term, divided by the ratio minus one.

The first term is also equal to the sum of the terms, multiplied by the ratio minus one, minus the last term multiplied by the ratio.

The ratio is equal to 1 1-9 the first term.

1st acre is worth $28.24; 2nd do. $31.38; 3rd do. $34.86; 4th do. $38.74; 5th do. $43.04; 6th do. $47.82; 7th do. $53.14; 8th do. $59.04; 9th do. $65.69; 10th do. $72,99; 11th do. $81,00; 12th do. $90 00; 13th do. $100.00

57.387—the sum which each contributed—divided by the value of each acre, will give each man's share. Thus 57.387, divided by 28.24, gives 2.032 acres for the first share, west end; and each share will be smaller and smaller.

☞ As mind is too hard for power in council, so power is too hard for mind in action.—*Bolingbroke.*